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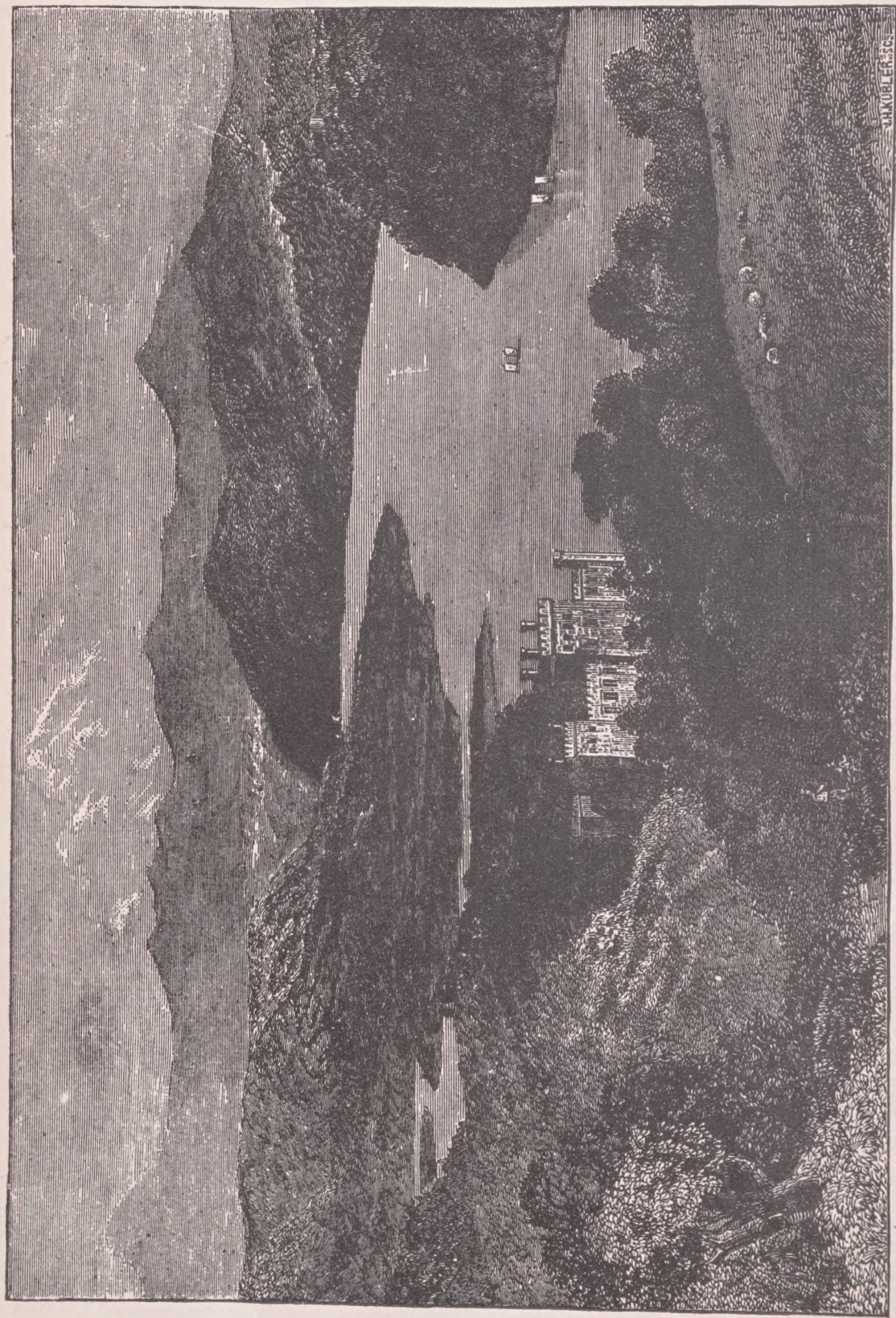
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LISMORE CASTLE ON THE BLACKWATER.

GERALD BARRY;
OR,
THE JOINT VENTURE,
A TALE IN TWO LANDS.

BY
E. A. FITZSIMON.



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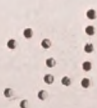
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TO THE
SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF IRELAND,
AND
THEIR AMERICAN COUSINS,
THIS
TALE IN TWO LANDS
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

TO THE READER.

Perhaps no country has been so much legislated for as Ireland since a foreign nation took her national and domestic affairs into keeping, yet is she still crying aloud for law and justice. In much the same way has she been dealt with in the matter of story writing. Year after year novels, tales, and sketches are issued which claim to be pictures of life in the Green Isle, and are accepted as such in perfect good faith by thousands who thus form a conception of Irish character as different from the reality as can well be imagined. But with as strong a protest as Ireland makes to the English parliament against exceptional legislation does she appeal to impartial evidence against the misrepresentation of her national character and her social life. True artists there have been indeed; but to the greater number of readers in this country the works of Banim, Griffin, and Carleton, vivid and life-like as they are in coloring, are

comparatively unknown, whilst the humorous travesties of Lever and Lover, whose favorite characters are the fire-eating squire and the blundering peasant, are accepted as pictures of Ireland and the Irish. As to the diluted creations of fancy emanating from facile writers of our own day, whose benevolent design it is to show that the Hibernian is "a poor *but* honest individual," and to give an indistinct intimation that there are some intelligent and refined people amongst the Mac's and O's, we can only say—"Defend us from our friends." We do not profess to vindicate the claims of Ireland at all points in this short tale, nor do we deprecate criticism on our own account; our aim is simply "to hold the mirror up to nature" in presenting the Desmond family and Gerald Barry to our readers.

Regarding the moral of our story we shall only say that the sacrifice of inclination to duty is an every day occurrence in the Catholic home. No less frequently do we see how vulnerable to the assaults of temptation is that bulwark of pride which many at

the present time believe to be an all-sufficient defence against the promptings of fallen nature.

Unhappily for modern society Mark Warren is not a character *per se*, but rather a type of that progressive thought which scouts as the trammeling of an effete civilization whatever would tend to restrain its special idiosyncrasies. As may be supposed, the divorce laws are admirably adapted to the tastes of this class; and so long as revived paganism in the marriage tie continues in force, there will be Julies deceived and abandoned.

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THE JOINT VENTURE.

CHAPTER I.

AVONMORE.—PROFESSOR DESMOND GOES ON A GEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION AND FINDS A TREASURE.

Amongst the many picturesque scenes which form a lovely setting for that isle so justly called the ocean's emerald, none can surpass the vale of Avonmore. A rich upland slope forms a background for the blue ridge of Knock-mel-down, which seems to court the light touch of the fleecy clouds floating above its summit; the banks on either side are guarded by forest veterans, through whose foliage the setting sun casts a radiance over lordly castle, old abbey, and round tower, that still speak of Ireland's past glory. The tower indeed as regards its history has been enigmatical as the Sphinx—no Ætius has yet unraveled its meaning. The abbey once resounded with the voices of three hundred choristers, whose matin psalm and vesper hymn arose in prayer and thanksgiving at the rising of the sun and

the going down thereof. The stranger, though he were Jew, Pagan, or Mussulman, found a refuge within its walls; the poor never left its gates unrelieved. Suffering and want were not under a social ban in those days. True it is that then as now wealth and power claimed distinction; but the poor were still regarded and tended as God's chosen servants.

This was in "the dark ages." The ivy now feasts on the abbey's crumbling walls—only a remnant is left of the once massive pile which embraced church, cloister, and schools within its precincts—noble schools, too, wherein students from every clime were supplied with instruction, books, and entertainment, in accordance with that medieval idea which gave all honor and encouragement to those in pursuit of knowledge.

Modern progress makes light of all this. Ignoring the doctrine of faith and good works, it propounds at one time a philosophy founded on self-glorification; at another, advances speculative tenets that would make reason the offshoot of irrationality.

"The instincts of the unlettered peasant are far in advance of this boasted enlightenment."

The addendum to our remarks was uttered by Professor Desmond as he laid aside a newly issued pamphlet with evident impatience and dissatisfaction. A moment after his pen is making a vigorous onslaught on the luckless treatise, and whilst its arguments are being demolished one by one, we shall take the opportunity to introduce the heroine of our tale who is now seated on a low ottoman in her father's library, apparently engrossed in a volume the type of which bespeaks its antiquity.

Alice Desmond was an only child. Her mother had been for some years an invalid, and her father's world appeared to be centred in his books; but though outwardly unobservant and undemonstrative, he was deeply attached to his wife and daughter, and this regard gained our young heroine admittance to his sanctum when all others were excluded.

"What have you done to-day, Alice?" her mother would ask.

And the student would tell of an Anacreontic ode translated, and a difficult problem solved. Mrs. Desmond was too devoted to her husband to question the wisdom of his views regarding Alice's education, yet she was too clear-sighted not to perceive the

wrong tendency it might have, and this, happily for the girl's future, she strove to correct. The Professor did not ignore the importance of feminine acquirements for women in general, but they formed no part of the education he designed for *his* child. Alice Desmond should be distinguished from others; and perhaps the only feeling of pride that ever entered into the Professor's heart was produced by his daughter's evident talent and love for study. For her he coveted that literary distinction which had no attractions for himself. He knew he had acquired a reputation as a philologist, a mathematician, a scientist—what had he *not* studied?—yet this consciousness was not attended with any feelings of vain-glory, for was he not a Desmond? Talent was his heritage, though fortune and fame might alike pass him by; and talent only did he care to transmit. With philosophical indifference the learned Professor was quite content to let the morrow provide for itself: his literary labors sufficed for present wants—beyond this, mundane matters gave him no concern.

Twenty years before the period at which our story opens, geological discoveries in America had opened up the vista of a subterranean world to European sa-

vants, and the Professor was one of a party of explorers who started on a scientific expedition to the New World.

Almost as profoundly versed in theology as in science, Desmond had many a sharp encounter with those who were anxious to find in every discovery not the revelation of a new truth on the old basis of belief, but subject matter for new theories and the wildest vagaries of thought.

On one occasion he was induced to attend a literary soiree at the house of a merchant in Boston, on which occasion the bearing of recent discoveries on the truths of revealed religion was to be discussed. Habitually reticent, it needed a stimulus to call forth the rhetorical powers of the Professor; but the electric key having been applied, what a torrent of eloquence burst forth! Arguments profound and incisive as to what was established truth, and what was baseless conjecture; quotation after quotation from the Latin and Greek Fathers, setting forth what had been defined as matter of faith, and what was merely opinion. With caustic logic he dissected the inconclusive conclusions, reconstructions, and evolutions which had been ventilated by some ambitious aspir-

ant to advanced ideas; and with that vivid force his clear intellect and varied knowledge could bring to bear on any subject in which he was interested, he drew a picture of the world as guided and controlled by christianizing influences in contradistinction to the more than pagan license and corruption which would be the inevitable result of the leveling-down philosophy.

His address excited a sensation. The host was the first to applaud; and his daughter, Mary Seaford, showed undisguised appreciation of the Professor's eloquence. Mr. Seaford was a rigid Presbyterian, and abhorred infidelity; but his only son, John, Mary's senior by some years, felt strongly attracted towards the free-thinking principles of the day. Mary was aware of her brother's increasing indifference; it had caused some estrangement between father and son, and this she hoped the Professor's arguments would remove. But John Seaford was reserved in manner; adhering fixedly to an idea, he was slow to be convinced, still slower in acknowledging the conviction. What effect the Professor's arguments had left on his mind Mary never knew; but in her they had awakened feelings of admiration

such as she had never experienced when listening to the flattering phrases of her many admirers.

And what effect had Mary's charms and grace of manner on the Professor?

Most probably he could not himself answer the question were it propounded to him. The mythological history of Cupid, his descent, his stock in trade, and his many recorded escapades, were as familiar as the history of the Desmonds; but concerning love in its actual existence, the Professor might receive lessons from any boarding-school young lady.

On one occasion he had been introduced as the European savant to Mrs. Hunter, a young widow who made the language of the eyes a special study, and she determined that very evening to bring her battery to bear on the grave Professor. Coming up to him as he was attentively examining some etchings, she said in a languishing tone:—

“Confess, Mr. Desmond, that Europeans can see something to admire in America.”

“Marvels of beauty,” ejaculated the Professor. He was in one of his abstracted moods, and the note of admiration was for the etchings.

“Quite gallant,” thought Mrs. H.; and she forth-

with set him down amongst her captives. Then rolling her eyes in what she conceived to be a peculiarly irresistible manner—she had been practising before the glass for half an hour that morning—

“How *can* you, Professor? You overwhelm me.”

The Professor’s attention was now arrested. He was habitually polite, even deferential, to ladies; but so little was he versed in Cupid’s wiles that he attributed the widow’s looks to sudden indisposition. Somewhat startled, he exclaimed—

“What is the matter, Madam? Bless me! you look——”

“Overcome you would say with apprehension. Yes, Mr. Desmond, I must plead guilty to being sometimes a victim to over-wrought feeling. But why were you so startled?”

“Excuse me, Madam——”

“Nay, I insist on knowing.”

The Professor had never learned the art of polite equivocation, and as the widow persisted he was forced into an acknowledgment.

“I was engaged in some physiological investigations last week, and your face recalled——”

“What, Professor?”

“A subject in extremity. Remarkable resemblance!” added he reflectively, as science came uppermost.

“Your physiological observations appear to be signally at fault, sir;” and the lady made a hasty exit, mentally resolved never to repeat *that* performance for the benefit of a naturalist.

There was another social gathering at the Seaford house, and Desmond needed no urging to be one of the party on this occasion.

“Mary Seaford takes a more than usual interest in scientific research,” remarked a lady to one of Miss Seaford’s supposed admirers, as she directed his attention to an alcove where the Professor seemed to be giving some explanation to which Mary listened with evident interest.

“The old bore!” was the reply, he must be fifty at least. How *can* Mary Seaford listen to his prosing?”

Mary *could* listen, and it was plain she did so without being at all bored. What the subject was never transpired; and how the Professor ever conceived the idea of matrimony was a matter of no little wonder to those who knew him; yet certain it is that when a

few days afterwards the learned body of savants asked him to join them in exploring the bed of the Muskingum, to their intense surprise the once enthusiastic geologist declined the invitation.

“A previous engagement—regretted not being able to be of their number in an enterprise of such moment.”

That day he asked Mr. Seaford’s consent to his marriage with Mary.

“I entertain the highest respect for your great talents and moral worth, Mr. Desmond; but I am opposed to my daughter leaving America, or marrying one of a different faith?”

Desmond, as we need hardly say, cherished the religion of his ancestors, and was a determined foe to oppression in every shape. The penal laws of Ireland were one evening the subject of discussion at Mr. Seaford’s. The Professor waxed eloquent over their iniquity, and English domination was unsparingly condemned. But he did not stop here. The intolerance England transmitted to the New World was touched on, and the laws enacted by the Pilgrim Fathers were denounced in no measured terms. This caused a revulsion. Many of those present, amongst

whom was Mr. Seaford, could admire philippics against tyranny and intolerance in other lands; "but the earnest conviction of our Pilgrim Sires who cherished the tenets *we* profess"—ah! these should be respected; prying eyes should not scan too curiously their statutes against Catholics, Quakers, or other "pests" in the haven of refuge for persecuted saints.

The discussion probably arose before Mr. Seaford's mind when he virtually said "No" to the Professor; and it seemed likely that another "It might have been" would be added to the list of life's epics, for the consciousness of his want of fortune made Desmond resolve not to urge his suit in opposition to Mr. Seaford's wishes; but another fiat had gone forth.

A few days after the proposal one of his confreres called to discuss the arrangements for the homeward-bound trip.

"Then we start on Friday, Desmond. I am glad to hear you will accompany us, for after your desertion on the Muskingum expedition the bachelor members of our party voted you captured by the feminine foe instead of being one of the victorious leaders in the scientific brigade."

"Pooh! you jest, Bennett; and you will see how

much in error the verdict was when you behold me pacing the deck of the Agamemnon next Friday, not a Benedict, nor likely to be."

Here the Professor unconsciously knitted his brows; and were he not a philosopher, he would assuredly have fetched a sigh.

"At what hour will the vessel sail?" he continued, somewhat with the air of one who would say "'Twere well it were done quickly."

"At 3 P. M.; and may Father Neptune shield us from the fate of the Lycians and the trusty Orontes. By-the-by, that was a sad accident which occurred last night—Seaford is said to be past recovery."

The Professor looked petrified—he thought of the shock to Mary. "You appear not to have heard of this before; yet I thought you were rather interested in the family."

"I *am* interested, Bennett. What has occurred?"

"An accident on the Boston and Providence line. Three of the passengers were killed, and several, amongst whom is Mr. Seaford, are seriously injured. Have you not seen the newspaper report?"

"No—I was particularly engaged all the morning."

The Professor did not say that during part of the

time he had been trying to find a solution to the following problem:—

“The attractive power exercised over body No. 1 by body No. 2 being granted for a certain time and space, in what ratio such power would be diminished, the time being squared and the distance being cubed?”

“You will find the particulars of the disaster in *The Messenger*. I must now say au revoir, for I have to consult with our secretary about the voyage.”

An hour afterwards Desmond was at the merchant's house, and found his worst apprehensions confirmed. Next morning Mary Seaford was an orphan.

On the following Friday the *Agamemnon* cleared the port of Boston, but the Professor was not one of the passengers.

One evening, a month later, John Seaford was seated in his father's place in the family library. He turned sharply as a hand was laid on his shoulder.

“You wished to see me, John. Is anything the matter? You look disturbed.”

“Yes. I suppose you know the purport of this.” He handed an open letter to his sister, and a glance

at the small, finely-formed characters sent a deep flush to Mary's face, but she uttered no word until the closely-written pages were perused once and again.

"You are giving the document due attention." The tone was not indicative of good-will.

"It deserves attention. No one reading it could fail to be impressed by the honorable principles and the sincerity of the writer. Do you not agree with me, John?"

"I am not in the habit of giving every wayfarer a passport to my esteem because of his ability to use fine phrases and rounded periods. But you surely do not mean to accept Desmond's proposal, Mary? It would be entirely unsuitable."

"In what respects?"

"Is it necessary to remind you that you will have a handsome competence on the easy conditions of marrying one of your own creed and country? Desmond is a Romanist and an Irishman, as father probably remembered when he made the last disposition of his property; for it appears from this communication that your suitor made his proposal once before. You surely are not Quixotic enough

to resign substantial realities for chimerical fancies."

"In other words, you regard it as folly to cherish any higher ideal than wealth."

"Desmond would like to air his eloquence on this subject, but I am in no mood for trifling. Of course, Mary, I can embody your negative in my own when replying to the letter."

"I have already given the writer my answer."

"Indeed! How long since?"

"Since yesterday."

"And the purport?"

"Was the acceptance of an unselfish love. You know, John, my old Puritan belief, to which you think I should still adhere, taught me to regard vain display as reprehensible; therefore my union with Professor Desmond will entail no sacrifice." Mary said this with an appealing look, but John Seaford gave no sign in return—only the knitted brows wore a heavier frown.

"There is another consideration," he said, after a pause, in which Mary's devotion arose before his mind, causing him to repress the tumult of passion her words evoked—"and it is well you should look at this question in all its bearings. Disparity in age is

usually considered a barrier to hymeneal bliss."

A gesture of dissent was Mary's only comment. Without noticing it he continued—

"And I believe your religious convictions are as strong as those of the gentleman who lays claim to your hand."

"Undoubtedly, my dear brother; but this is no longer an obstacle."

"Like all romantic young ladies you conceive that your opinion will henceforth be an article of faith with the gentleman of your choice. Real life presents things in a different aspect, and shows that two people entertaining opposite views on vital points are very liable to come into collision with each other, and find even a brief companionship irksome."

"There is no danger of collision in this case, for I too am a Catholic in belief."

"Mary!" burst out John Seaford, starting up from his chair, all assumed calmness laid aside at this unexpected revelation,—

"What madness is this? You cannot mean to sacrifice family ties, country, fortune, and creed, for a mere acquaintance of yesterday. I warn you that

I at least will show respect to my father's wishes—every article of the will shall be enforced.”

“I understand your meaning, and have no complaint to make. All consequences have been well considered, and I do not shrink from the sacrifice—the heritage is entirely yours.”

“Is the disinterested aspirant to your hand aware that your marriage with him will deprive you of all claims to the estate?”

“His letter answers that question.”

“So far as words go, but I referred to his actual expectations. A woman may fancy a constant feast of love, but men look for other viands; and you may find Desmond clinging to hope as tenaciously as most mortals.”

“You do him injustice; he is not a fortune-hunter. Will you not speak with him and judge for yourself?”

“No; I do not appreciate the honor he has done me in asking my consent to a preconcerted arrangement to which I could under no circumstances be a party. I have only one more question to ask—have you fully decided on this?”

“My promise was given this morning. But oh!

my dear brother, do consider this subject in a kinder spirit, and let not your resentment be unjustly visited on an honorable man. Remember we are now left alone in the world. Will you sever the ties of kindred and affection because I cannot regard this matter as you do?"

"Make your choice, Mary. Will you abide in your father's house, or follow the footsteps of a stranger? Once parted, we are never likely to meet again."

Mary Seaford's heart throbbed painfully as she noted the inflexible purpose expressed in her brother's stern look and compressed lip, but there was no hesitation in her reply—

"It must be as you will. My resolve is not based on a passing fancy that would yield to mere argument."

"I recognize your fixity of purpose, although I fail to appreciate the source from which it springs. Henceforth then our roads will be apart. I presume you intend to put your present project into immediate execution."

"To become a Catholic?"

“I am less interested on that point. I alluded to your marriage.”

“We—the Professor and I—hoped to confer with you on the matter.”

“It is unnecessary, and it is right you should know the reason of my seeming curiosity. We two can remain under this roof until the morning of your wedding—it is fitting that a Seaford should not want a marriage-feast; but you will excuse my attendance on the occasion—I shall have other business to engage my attention that day.”

“John! you will not do this. You will at least be present at my marriage.”

“I cannot. I would fail in my duty towards our family and towards yourself, if I appeared to sanction a choice that must entail beggary on you. Mary, you will live to regret this.”

“I have no fears. My religious convictions are above every other consideration, and I have full confidence that my union will not prove an ill-assorted one.”

“Further argument I perceive is useless. If reflection should induce you to see this matter in a more rational light we can resume this topic; other-

wise let it henceforth be dropped forever between us."

A week after the above conversation a gentleman and a lady waved an adieu to the American shore from the deck of the *Bellerophon*. The pair—they were husband and wife—were the Professor and Mary Seaford.

On that morning one of the two had entered into a double union, for the daughter of the Puritans was united to the true Church on the day she gave her hand to the Irish savant.

"Mary," said her husband, as her native shore receded from view, "you are leaving home, kindred, and a free land, to share the fortunes of one whose country and creed are alike under oppression. Will you not sometimes regret your choice?"

The answer was given with a confiding look and a soft pressure of the hand:—

"Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

CHAPTER II.

THE HERO AND THE HEROINE.

“Sixteen to-day!”

Alice Desmond’s face was clouded as she made the announcement. She had had a quarrel.

“Mercy on us!” exclaims Mrs. Inquisitor, “then she must be a conceited and ill-tempered creature. But that comes of her learning Greek and such stuff as no girl should bother her head with. Think how many bonnets she could trim, how much ruffling she could make, and the beaux she might catch while she was fooling away her time with Greek. But what was the quarrel about? She surely did not get into a dispute about *ologies* with some old savant like her father.”

Softly, good madam, and you shall be taken into full confidence.

The quarrel was not because of *ologies*, and it was not with an old savant, unless you call a curly-headed gentleman with hazel eyes and an incipient mustache old, and dub a newly-fledged graduate a savant.

But to decide the question we shall forthwith present the gentleman in question to the reader.

Mr. Gerald Barry, like many other Irishmen, might say that his lineage and his purse were in inverse proportion; the one could be traced back in a direct line for centuries, the other occupied the smallest possible space. But as the unencumbered traveler can sing before a highwayman, so Gerald's spirits were no less light than his purse. And if Dame Fortune had failed to supply him with one of her golden spoons, Dame Nature had at least done *her* part in giving him good looks, good health, and good temper. Our hero, for we acknowledge him to be such, *was* good-tempered; but there are exceptional cases to every rule, and one of these exceptions it was that caused Alice to wear so grave a face on her sixteenth birth-day.

The evening before Gerald had called to propose a boating excursion.

"Such a jolly time as we will have. Alice," said he, too intent on the proposed amusement to regard grammatical accuracy.

"But it is impossible, Gerald. I would like very much to have a sail, and to steer whilst you pull, but

I have laid out another programme for to-morrow."

"Oh! of course," rejoined Gerald, sulking a little. "You divined my intention, I dare say, and contrived to be engaged."

"And I shall keep my engagement, since Mr. Barry divines intentions so readily."

"I suppose you promised to spend the day on the cricket ground. I heard Nolan ask you."

"You are at fault. No young gentleman will occupy my attention to-morrow."

"Hum."

The assurance did not seem to give overwhelming satisfaction.

"But, Alice, what *can* it be? Surely you might postpone it until Thursday, and have a sail to-morrow."

"I must again plead impossibility—my project was determined on a week in advance—"

"You seem to have the usual feminine fondness for secrets, Miss Desmond," said Gerald, forgetting in his vexation that he was himself guilty of the offence he placed to Alice's account.

Our heroine was on the point of disclosing her project, thinking Gerald's curiosity sufficiently aroused;

but his last remark annoyed her a little, and instead of the explanation she was about giving, she retorted—

“If you cannot keep a secret better than you keep your temper, Mr. Barry, I shall never be tempted to confide one to your care.”

“Pshaw! Alice, we are playing at cross-purposes. I am sure you can come if you will, and I wager you’ll spend to-morrow reading Longinus, or writing a Latin ode. I fear you’ll become a confirmed blue-stocking.”

Gerald was certainly cross when he said this, and Alice would have returned a Roland for the Oliver, but just then her mother’s voice was heard calling “Alice! Alice! come quickly.”

Exit our heroine, leaving Gerald with a low bow and an ironical compliment on his gallant speech.

Exit our hero, with strong symptoms of vexation on his usually smiling face, and muttering a Latin quotation on the variable nature of woman.

Experience shows that a quotation on the short-comings of the female sex has a marvellous effect in soothing the irate feelings of a man who happens to have lost his temper.

After consulting with her mother on some matters pertaining to her toilet for the following day, Alice took her usual place at the tea-table, where she was presently joined by Mrs. Desmond, the Professor, and Father Walsh, the worthy pastor of Avonmore, who always received a hearty welcome when his duties permitted him to call.

As the good priest took the cup of tea presented by our heroine, he remarked—

“Alice, I met your former school-mate, Gerald Barry, at the door as I was on the point of saying—“open sesame.” He did not appear to be in his usual spirits, and gave a rather incoherent reply to my ‘salve.’ You must take an early opportunity to lecture him on his change of manner.”

“But it is not my province to lecture wrong-doers, Father Walsh. May I suggest that you take him in hand yourself?”

“I suspect he would prefer extending his hand to some one else. But perhaps he is not the only wrong-doer in my parish. Some one may have been teasing the poor boy, and I may kill two birds with one stone by taking in hand a brace of offenders.”

“What penalty would you impose in such a case, Father Walsh?” queried Mrs. Desmond.

“I’d shackle them, my dear Madam—bind them for life, one to the other.”

“With heavy chains?”

“Well, that would rest with the parties themselves. Sometimes it is a chain of roses, distilling perfume during a whole life-time; and again, the chain is made of gold, attractive at first to outward view, but not unfrequently it frets the captives’ spirits, and finally some evil genius may transform it into one of iron, that corrodes the hearts of those whom it holds fast.”

“Horrible! How is this evil genius named?”

“He is a Proteus, and has a different name for each aspect. Sometimes the face is feminine, and the genius is called Frivolity; again it is masculine, and named Dissipation; at another time it partakes of the bad qualities of both the foregoing forms—it is then styled Irreligion. There are other characters which it assumes, more or less deformed, the most noted of which are Idleness, Ill-temper, Uncharitableness, Obstinacy, and Selfishness.”

“Do you warn the captives of all this, Father Walsh?”

“Assuredly, when they choose to ask counsel; but it is a matter of world-wide notoriety.”

“Yet some voluntarily choose the heavy golden chain.”

“And wear it very contentedly too. Many will even tell you it is necessary for their happiness; and certainly it need never corrode their hearts if they use one recipe.”

“What is the valuable recipe?”

“Mutual forbearance, without which mythology tells us even Jupiter and Juno quarreled.”

Here the Professor broke in—his beloved classics should be vindicated.

“It is strange that the mythology of the Greeks and Romans is generally understood in a literal sense.”

“Philosophy, I know, gives a different interpretation of their majesties’ quarrels.”

“Undoubtedly.” The fables of mythology then became the subject of a discussion which was continued in the Professor’s library after the ladies had left the tea-table.

“Did you tell Gerald of your proposed excursion to-morrow?” asked Mrs. Desmond, as Alice kissed her good-night.”

“No, Mamma—”

“How was that? He called this afternoon?”

“And I had to leave him unceremoniously in obedience to my dear mother’s summons,” said Alice, repeating her good-night to escape further questioning.

Lest our readers should imagine Mrs. Desmond to be a match-making mother who was carefully spreading her net to entrap the guileless Mr. Barry, we take this opportunity to assure them such a suspicion is wholly without foundation. In the first place, match-making mothers do not generally waste their time and talents on gentlemen whose patrimonial possessions are all in *Ayr-shire*; and even were Mr. Barry the possessor of a plethoric purse, Mrs. Desmond would not condescend to manœuvre. Alice was in her eyes merely a child. She and Gerald had been playmates and schoolmates; for our hero had been left an orphan at fifteen, at which time Alice was in her tenth year. Gerald’s father and the Professor were college friends, and on his death-bed Mr.

Barry consigned his boy to the care of his old school-mate. The trust was not misplaced. Gerald was regarded as a son in his guardian's house, and evinced all a son's affection for the Professor and Mrs. Desmond, whilst Alice ever found him a preux chevalier—we were about to say a devoted brother, but old-fashioned Dame Truth reminds us that brothers, as a rule, display their devotion to other people's sisters.

Gerald showed a remarkable aptitude for imbibing knowledge, but the Professor would have stood aghast had he seen his pupil's travesties on the sublimest of odes and of epics, or heard the unorthodox opinions he broached to Alice regarding acknowledged scientific principles. A short time before the period at which our story opens, the young gentleman had obtained an honorary degree at the Dublin university, and subsequently got a position in the Telegraph office, which left him ample leisure during the day, but required his attention up to a late hour in the evening. Hence his absence from the tea table, and the still pending quarrel between Alice and himself, which the young lady would seem to have treasured in memory, for that night Gerald

Barry appeared before her in dream-land, then suddenly changed into a huge steamboat vomiting fire and smoke, and having for sails a pair of flapping blue stockings.

The household met at breakfast. Our heroine received a birth-day kiss, and Gerald looked quite penitent when offering his greetings. After breakfast his presence was required for two hours at the office; then he would be free until evening; so with his usual hearty "au revoir," he took his leave.

Shortly after Alice repaired to her favorite retreat, a little boudoir which her mother's care had fitted up for her. Here it was we found her at the opening of our chapter, and the reverie from which she had but just awakened will account for her demeanor on that occasion.

She had been pondering weighty questions—Gerald Barry's brusquerie, Father Walsh's allegorical chain, and the self-abnegation of a young heroine in Japan, all inextricably mixed up. If she, Alice Desmond, were at some future time to go on a mission to Japan—how would Gerald Barry feel about it? Would it make him as angry as he was yesterday? Ill-temper was one of the evil genii Father

Walsh spoke of, and Gerald was certainly getting cross, or he would never have spoken slightly of Latin odes. Blue-stockings! He would be here soon—it was nearly time now—and he should see she did not fear to be called a blue-stocking, or a writer of odes.

“The heroine’s character is inconsistent,” objects Mrs. Inquisitor; “she is sometimes a child, and sometimes an erudite young lady.”

The impeachment may be true, dear Madam, but we assure you she is not the less a real character, whose prototype may be found in the Isle of Saints, where children can acquire much of the knowledge gained from books, and yet preserve all the unsophisticated feelings of early youth. We admit that young ladies in other lands are well versed in the arts of dress and flirtation before their sisters in Ireland would acknowledge to even a passing fancy for Beau the first.

“How doocid slow girls in Ireland must be then!” drawls young Mr. Exquisite Sophomore, puffing at his cigar, “awful stoopid!—just as bad as the darkness of the Middle ages, when those lazy monks kept all learning shut up, and wouldn’t let fellows gradu-

ate. What would *I* be if I lived in those benighted days?"

Ah! what indeed, Mr. Exquisite? You might possibly be condemned to work for a living instead of poisoning yourself on your toes, as you spin through one of the Strauss' Waltzes with Matilda Jane's arm twined round your manly waist. That *you* should be condemned to live in the Dark Ages! "'Twere pitiful, 'twere wondrous pitiful."

A tap at the door. Gerald makes his appearance not penitent but jubilant.

"Alice, the secret's out! I know all about it, and I consider myself a most aggrieved individual for having been left so long in Cimmerian darkness."

"What new light has broken in on Mr. Barry's understanding?"

"Oh! an effulgent blaze—sufficient torchlight for an Indian war-dance;" and Gerald, feeling it necessary to give some outlet to his feelings, took a whirl round the room.

"It is to be hoped you are not going to enact the savage role, Gerald."

"Well, I must restrain myself, or there may be a *squalling* spectator."

“Who should in that case change color from blue to red.”

“I really believe you harbor malice.”

“You mean that I entertain a remembrance of Mr. Gerald Barry.”

“Now, Alice, that is unkind. You are too fond of fairy tales to be a blue-stocking; and even if you were, I can never lose my regard for classic beauty.”

“That prefers Latin odes to your distinguished company?”

“Ha! I’ve caught you now. You did want my company; and that project which was determined on a week in advance, made me your cavalier on the fern-hunting expedition. Your mother, bless her kind heart! told me all about it.”

“Then you are fully initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries, and prepared to act your proper part.”

“I shall *partake* of all proper and reasonable amusement with sincere pleasure. But why did you say no young gentleman should occupy your thoughts to-day? You fully intended I should accompany you.”

“I fully intended to go with mamma this morning to old Mrs. Bryan’s, and to spend the afternoon col-

lecting ferns for papa's special gratification. When did the young gentleman come in as the central figure?'

"When he knocked at the door and gained admittance; but he now stands corrected, like the last classical fragment he penned. By-the-by, I see you *have* been writing an ode, and I am prepared to give you a quid pro quo. What is this? Ah!—"Carpe Diem"—suggestive—I intend to put the idea into execution forthwith. Will you read it, or shall I?"

"You may try your graces of elocution on it."

"Well, attention;" and Gerald read aloud, with some gesticulating flourishes——

"Strive in all earnest, banish fancies vain—
Only the Present lives, for Time all stern,
A Saturn callous to his offspring's fate,
The Past devours, heeding no vain appeals,
So nipping blasts assail the dreams of youth,
Which fade and die, leaving a dreary void,
Adown whose depths chaos and gloom sit throned;
But Hope that unextinguished smoulders on,
Though all the light of fond ambition's dream
Seems quenched for evermore, steals unawares,
Breaks through the cloud that darkly hung around
Life's pathway:—as some smoothly gliding stream
Forces its way 'mid rugged rocks—through clefts,
And dark ravines, and chasms yawning wide,

It wends its course—now sparkling in the sun,
Anon deep hid in shade,—emerging soon,
To ripple with soft music to the light:
Thus Hope with magic touch lulls the sad heart,
And the tired spirit nestles in her arms:
Then Reason claims his right, regains his sway;
Life is no longer purposeless, for thought
Casts a bright halo round the buried past,
Yet sees the sky illumined by a light
That never fades—the light of purpose firm,
And fixed resolve nobly to gain the goal
Which to the upright mind and conscience pure
Points ever on. Then the sweet maiden, Peace,
With look benignant chases every cloud—
That lowered darkly, and the heart is glad.”

“Alice, that’s not so bad,” said the young gentleman, as he came to an end; ‘but being written in the vulgar tongue, you know, detracts very much from its merits. *My* production is not open to such an objection, for though penned in the vernacular, in deference to common prejudice, it is still strictly classical in design.”

“Yet you spoke slightly of Latin odes yesterday.”

“Yes, when a young lady has such exceptional taste as to prefer dull pentameters to the Attic salt of a gentleman who shall be nameless. But my

translation of a very striking passage in Homer must please the most fastidious taste—you shall judge for yourself, however. You will observe, Alice, that it is a poetical rendering of the scene described by Homer, when Chryseis in vain urged Agamemnon to restore his daughter.”

And with the air of a tragic hero Gerald read—

“Please your honors,” said he, “I am come to implore
That my fair-cheeked Chryseis you’ll kindly restore;
Here are goblets of silver and big golden bowls,
Then give her to me and I’ll pray for your souls.”

“Of course, Alice, you are aware that this promise on the part of the high-priest was not quite in conformity with the mythology of the day; but a poet disdains to be fettered by considerations unworthy of the Muse’s notice.”

“Then,” said bold Agamemnon, “you foolish old man,
You had better get out just as quick as you can;
And if ever I catch you ’longside my big ship,
On the word of a king you may count on a dip.”

“You perceive I use ’longside by the figure aphæresis—perfectly allowable; and the language of the enraged monarch admirably expresses the meaning of the original.”

“So the old priest went out on the sea-shore to pray,
In hopes he might move the bright god of the day

To send on the Grecians all kinds of diseases,
If they would not consent to do just as he pleases."

"This stanza, like the foregoing, has two lines hypercatelectic; poetic usage authorizes this license."

"Then Apollo took up his far-shooting bow,
And by Jupiter, swore that he'd let the Greeks know
That if Calchas the mighty Apollo did please
Neither Grecians nor Trojans should dare at him sneeze."

"You must admire the flexibility of our language in this stanza—the last line particularly. Sneeze! one of the slightest acts, involuntary too—intimating that not the least mark of disrespect, even if unintentional, would be allowed to pass unpunished."

"He first shot the beasts, such as donkeys and mules—
The Greeks all began then to think themselves fools,
But when he continued to shoot something further—
They fell down on their knees, and cried out millia
murther!"

"'Millia murther!' you will allow, is both classical and highly expressive. The wholesale slaughter that ensued could not be more aptly rendered."

"And then there arose such a hullabaloo
That the king and the nobles knew not what to do—
Such screeching and groaning, and prayers and tears,"
That the ghosts were at last forced to stop up their ears."

"And no wonder," said Alice, raising her hands in

horror. "I positively cannot listen to any more of this harrowing tale."

"Well, we shall say 'To be continued,' said Gerald, looking at his watch, "for I hear your mother's voice, and I see it is time to start."

CHAPTER III.

A DEAD LANGUAGE AND A DEATH SUMMONS.

Spring has sought a western home; summer and Autumn have followed in her footsteps, leaving Winter in his robes of ermine reigning at Avonmore.

The first great trial had come to Alice. That father, whose fame as a scholar extended far beyond his native vale, could no longer enjoy the companionship of his beloved books. His place in the library had been vacant for several days, and Dr. O'Gorman, the family physician, looked graver at each visit. A week before he had prescribed absolute repose of mind and body, but the Professor disregarded all injunctions in his eager desire to complete a work on the cuneiform characters, which at that time was the all-absorbing topic of discussion among literati. In his early youth Hugh Desmond had heard of the inscriptions sent to Phillip III. by Figueroa, who correctly supposed them to be written in some lost language, although learned heads for nearly two cen-

turies afterwards advanced theory after theory regarding the different arrangements of wedges and arrow-heads; some maintaining them to be talismanic signs and astronomical symbols, whilst others set them down to the fancy of an artistic antediluvian, and not a few very shrewd people conceived they had found a satisfactory solution of the problem when they announced the lines to be the work of those ancient and indefatigable sculptors, *worms!*

Our Irish savant did not subscribe to any of the above opinions, and after seeing a copy of the inscriptions found by Chardin and Niebuler at Persepolis, the subject constantly recurred to his mind, and became matter for deep thought and earnest inquiry. Like other oriental scholars, he at one time believed the characters to be of Cufic origin, but when the ingenious surmise of his co-temporary, Grotefend, led to the deciphering of the names of Darius and Xerxes, a clue was gained by which the labyrinth could be fully explored. The subsequent labors of Burnouf and Lassen gave almost a complete alphabet; and now only one additional link was wanting to complete a chain that would bring the 19th century into communication with those who

carved historical records when the world was still in its infancy. The missing link was the elucidation of a character represented in three different forms—wherefore, was as yet matter of conjecture. Other eminent scholars, besides the Professor, were investigating this point—his countryman, Rev. E. Hincks, of Killyleagh, Sir Henry Rawlinson, who was then in Bagdad, and Julius Oppert, in Berlin; and by a remarkable coincidence all three announced the solution of the problem at the same time, though there was no possibility of communication between them; yet another had been before them in the field of discovery—but we anticipate.

Night and day the Professor labored at his task, sleeping in his chair when overpowered by fatigue. In vain Mrs. Desmond and Alice urged the necessity of repose; so thoroughly had the subject taken possession of his mind that he could not be induced to leave his library for five successive nights. The solution was at last found—in two days more the pamphlet would be prepared for publication, and additional pressure was brought to bear for the final charge, which was intended to annihilate some crudities that had lately been advanced.

The goal was indeed won—brain and hand had performed their task, but nature now claimed payment for the drain on her resources. Before the completion of the manuscript the Professor was in a high fever. In his delirium he deciphered Assyrian and Persian inscriptions which had never been brought to light; climbed Mount Behistun to read—

“I am Darius, the great king, the king of kings; king in Persia, king of the provinces, son of Vistacpa, grandson of Arsama, the Achæmenian.”

“Hand me that slab—carefully—touch it with reverence; it is a greater treasure than the mystic cabala.”

“How old is it, dear father,” said Alice, approaching his bedside with a block she kept always at hand, in anticipation of this fancy which passed so often through the Professor’s mind.

“You could never imagine. What think you of a history traced on stone before Babylon was founded? Thaantus and Sanchoniathon borrowed from it. See these arrow-heads—can you guess their meaning?”

“No, father, unless it be that even then people waged war on each other.”

“You have still much to learn, child. You are

totally ignorant of the cuneiform writing. Grotefend thought these characters represented m and n—Next year”—and fancy would strike another note.

“My child,” whispered Mrs. Desmond, as she entered the room an hour afterwards, “it is now *your* turn to take some rest.”

“But I am not at all tired, mother, and you look very pale and ill; you cannot have slept more than two hours.”

“Longer than that, I think. I feel much refreshed, and I insist on you now resigning your place to me. Your father seems more quiet.”

“He has been sleeping a little, and I think there is an improvement. His thoughts still wander, but he spoke almost rationally about the lost language.”

Mrs. Desmond looked at the patient, and sighed heavily. To her more practised eye the symptoms did not speak of hope.

“Well, go now, Alice, and do not return until I call for you.”

“Then promise to call me at midnight.”

“No, my dear; you had very little rest last night, and I cannot have my assistant prostrated.”

“She is not in any danger, mamma. Have you

not told me I should be firm when duty is involved?"

"And now it is your duty to obey. Go at once, Alice; we must not disturb your father"—and as the patient began to move restlessly, Alice kissed her mother's pale cheek, and glided noiselessly from the room.

On gaining her little chamber a feeling of indescribable loneliness came like a dark shadow over her spirit. She had tried to look cheerful in her mother's presence, and she still clung desperately to hope. She would not even think of the possibility of a fatal termination to her father's illness, yet her heart sank when she recalled her mother's troubled look in the sick room; and the tears started to her eyes as kneeling before the crucifix in her oratory she uttered the words—"Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

Those who place their burden of grief at the footstool of Divine Grace never go away desolate. Alice felt this as she rose up. "Your father's life is in the hands of a merciful Providence who watches over the least of his children with Divine love," whispered her guardian angel. The thought gave rest to her perturbed spirit, and slumber soon lulled her

wearied senses into forgetfulness of all sorrow.

Hitherto we have allowed the reader to infer that our heroine possessed all the fervor of faith which characterizes the Catholic isle. Such was indeed the case. The Professor's biblical knowledge and perfect acquaintance with the writings of the fathers, made him an invincible antagonist whenever religion became a topic of conversation among his literary friends, and Alice listened to such discussions with lively interest, feeling a proud confidence in her father's ability to uphold the doctrine of the church; but her mother's precepts on good works did more to mould her character in a Catholic type than did the dissertations on dogma, on which her father so often expatiated. Her reading, too, had its effect. It must be admitted that she was often erratic in her choice of books—Longinus on the Sublime might be followed by Tales of the Genii,—Paradise Lost by Fugitive Rhymes; but with the dross there was much pure gold. The Lives of the Saints impressed her imagination even more vividly than the Arabian Nights, for she recognized in the heroes and heroines of real life all the noble qualities that historian or

novelist ever portrayed—truth, constancy, courage, and a sublimity of devotion in endless variety, yet all typifying the same motive and the same belief. The heroism of St. Sebastian, the constancy of St. Agnes, the lore of Albertus Magnus, and of his still greater pupil—the galaxy of Martyrs, Confessors, Doctors, and Virgins, made an impression on her mind not to be effaced by contact with the world, by the asperities of life, or by those sophistries which she afterwards heard uttered, that would put pleasure in the place of duty.

* * * * *

One—two—three. Each hour rings out clearly in the silence of a winter's night, and the hearts of the listeners beat fast, for life and death hang trembling in the balance. Would the potion avail? Would the lamp of life be replenished, or the oil being spent, would it be for ever quenched in the darkness of the tomb? Moments were as years whilst each pulsation was counted. The physician relinquishes the patient's hand, and replaces his watch, but neither word nor sign gives assurance of hope. Mrs.

Desmond notes each movement with trembling anxiety, whilst Alice, with clasped hands, looks the question which she fears to ask. Doctor O'Gorman makes a motion to enjoin silence, and beckons Gerald from the room. He is absent scarcely a minute—mother and daughter are at his side, but a glance at his face tells them there is no hope. Alice lays her head on her mother's bosom, yet she does not weep, for the life so dear to them still claims their care—hereafter there will be time for mourning.

“What is it, Gerald?” Mrs. Desmond looks up as she feels the light touch on her arm. In a moment she is at her husband's side—Alice and Gerald are there too—and there is a look of recognition in the Professor's face.

“Mary, you once accompanied me over the great ocean that divides two hemispheres. I am about to embark on a broader ocean now, that which lies between time and eternity, and I go alone this time. You will pray that we may meet again in the future?”

“Yes, Hugh—this trust in the mercy of God alone sustains me.”

“It is my consolation also. A mirror stands be-

fore my eyes, in which I see reflected all your love and devotion since the day you left home and kindred for an isolated student, who gave to dead leaves overmuch of that attention which was due to the living flowers that brightened his home. For this I need your forgiveness."

"Were there indeed need of it, dear Hugh, it would be freely granted. But it is not so. *However engrossed with your books, I know your heart was always mine."

"Always—always with you and Alice. But I would have died happier had I considered the future as well as the past. What will become of you both when I am gone?"

"Our Father in Heaven will provide, my dear husband—a sorrowful Mother will not forget us in our affliction. Be not troubled; I feel that we shall not be left desolate."

"Gerald!"

The young man took the wasted hand in his.

"I entrust these, my treasures, to your care."

"My dear guardian and father, it is a trust that shall be dearer to me than my own life. Alice shall need nothing a brother's affection can give her, and

Mrs. Desmond will be to me in the future, as in the past, a beloved mother."

"I doubt it not, Gerald. Your father and myself were as brothers, and I knew him to be ever true of heart. Do not weep, Alice ; you were wont to admire the philosophy of Epictetus."

"It can give no consolation now, dear father."

"True, my child—I realize this. The fiery furnace of affliction can be extinguished only by Divine love. And now I would wish to see Father Walsh."

As the words were uttered a knock was heard at the door. It was the good priest whom Dr. O'Gorman, at Gerald's request, had summoned. Father Walsh had administered the rites of the church when the first alarming symptoms appeared, and the Doctor told him the patient had still some hours to live ; nevertheless he would not tarry when the interests of a soul were concerned. The Catholic priest does not wait to argue possibilities in such cases—to him is delegated the power to bind and to loose, to give the repentant sinner assurance of pardon, to soothe the fears of the soul that is about to be summoned before its Judge, and to console those who

are left to mourn. This mission Father Walsh had often fulfilled.

Decrepit age tottering on the brink of the grave, and still clinging tenaciously to the last thread of life, had been reconciled to heaven; vigorous youth casting a longing look back on the pleasures that were within its grasp, had been purified in spirit, and taught to look to a brighter future—to Lazarus was promised a crown of glory, bright in proportion to his sufferings here below; and to Dives a full measure of forgiveness in return for the humble acknowledgment of his errors and the reparation of his wrong-doing.

During the whirl of life, the pomp of power and the allurements of pride are *ignes fatui*, which, with delusive hope, tempt the traveler further and further from his course.—“See yon light; it speaks of a bright home and a happy fireside.”

The traveler hurries on; *he* sees wealth and fame in the distance.

“Here is a brook of limpid water. Stay and refresh thyself.”

“No, the goal is nearly won. I can rest then.”

“Poor wanderer, thy labor has only begun; the

meteor thou followest is far off ; see, it glimmers on the distant height. Tarry for a brief span in this nook where piety has placed a statue of the Virgin of Sorrows. And here is a wayfarer like thyself, whose face speaks of pinching poverty—wilt thou not relieve his necessities ?”

“Not now—not now. There is a glorious vista before me when I shall have gained the height—then I shall have time to pray by the shrine, and my door shall be open to the beggar. Onward !”

Faster through the dark night—faster through the drifting snow and the sleety rain.

“List ! this orphan cries to thee for aid.”

“No time to wait now.”

“Thou hast crushed the life out of a young heart.”

“It obstructed my way—the summit must be gained.”

“Now thou art on the height—where is the object of thy ambition ?”

“Away—away in the distance—Alas ! I can pursue it no longer. And see yon grim monster who points his skeleton finger, beckoning me to follow him. Is he, too, a delusion ? No ; he approaches—I feel his icy breath—his cold hand is on my brow.

And now he whispers in my ear—‘Thou hast crushed a human heart—allowed the orphan to perish—passed the beggar by—neglected the shrine. Come, I await thee!’—O Death, *thou* art a reality!”

Thus cries the worldling; thus felt the wily Italian who acknowledged no power but Cæsar’s; who heeded no remonstrance, and scoffed at all warning. The King of Terrors approached, and that earthly potentate, for whom the dying man had despoiled the altars of religion, could give him no aid in his extremity. The humblest monk is more powerful then; and with anxious voice he calls out—

“The priest!—quick!—quick!”

Gerald entered at once upon his duty as protector and counselor, whilst Father Walsh remained in private communication with the Professor. On re-entering the sick room Mrs. Desmond noticed a change in her husband. The troubled look had given place to an expression of tranquil serenity, and he was evidently at peace with earth and heaven. He spoke calmly of his approaching dissolution, gave some directions regarding general matters, and then asked Alice to read aloud a chapter from St. Thomas

à Kempis. Mrs. Desmond afterwards recited the prayers for the dying, to which he made the responses ; and at their conclusion he sank into a slumber.

“Mary !”

“I hope you feel better, dear Hugh.”

“Yes—better, happier. Bend lower—I wish to say farewell.”

The three watchers kiss his pallid brow,—a smile passed over his face, and the spirit took flight to its eternal abode.

CHAPTER IV.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

Mrs. Desmond, by a strong effort of will, bore up bravely until the last sad duties were rendered to the departed; then the bow which had been long overstrung gave way, and for many days Alice feared her mother would succumb to the combined effects of grief, anxiety, and physical prostration. During the Professor's illness, Norah, the faithful family servant, had often begged hard for a share in the duties of the sick room, but these appeals her mistress would always negative—

“Your strength is taxed already, Norah. I have only this duty to attend to, and it shall be my care. Besides Alice relieves me very often.”

To this resolution she adhered. All entreaties to induce her to leave the sick room for more than two hours at a time, had been ineffectual; and care and watching, acting on her natural delicacy of constitution, had at length done their work.

Alice now seemed equally jealous in reserving to

herself the right of attendance on her mother, and it required no little argument to induce her to yield occasionally to Norah's solicitations.

"Shure, Miss Alice, if you were as strong as Sampson himself you couldn't stand without lying down sometimes—" and this being too forcible for contradiction, Norah carried her point.

Gerald faithfully kept the promise he had given the Professor—all the attention and care that earnest devotion could suggest, were thought of and provided; yet even his hopeful nature was sometimes painfully oppressed by sad forebodings.

How anxiously Alice noted every change, and how often her heart fluttered as death seemed about to visit that chamber again, leaving her entirely desolate! How many a supplication she sent up to Heaven for that beloved mother! How many a fervent Pater and Ave was offered up by Norah "for the poor mistress and Miss Alice, who is like me own child to me. O Holy Virgin, comfort her, acushla machree, and lave her a little longer, that mother who is now the only one she has in this world to look to. Shure it's meself would be glad to help me blue-eyed darlin,' who always has the kind word and the pleas-

ant smile; but it's you, sweet Mother of Mercy, can spake to your blessed Son, and ask Him to take away the black shadow of death from this house. Holy Mary, Queen of Heaven, pray for us."

The prayers of the righteous avail much, and if uttered in the language of the heart, it matters little whether or not they be clothed with the adornments of speech. Other petitions more correct in expression, ascended that day to the throne of Divine grace, but who shall say they found more favor than Norah's?

"The black shadow" was indeed taken away, and a bright ray of hope cheered those who watched by Mrs. Desmond's couch. She improved slowly, but gradually, and after three months she had almost regained her former health. As soon as the Doctor's prohibition regarding conversation had been withdrawn, she asked Alice if her uncle, John Seaford, had been informed of the Professor's death.

"Yes, mother," was the reply; "I sent him a newspaper containing the obituary; but I could not think of writing whilst you were in so precarious a state."

"Strange that he has not noticed it. John is

rather reserved and cold, but I always gave him credit for kind feelings."

Another week passed—still no letter.

"Perhaps he did not receive the newspaper, mother," suggested Alice; "or if received it may have been put aside without his having seen the obituary. Had you not better write?"

"I feel some hesitation about doing so, my dear, in the present condition of our finances. Your uncle strongly opposed both my resolution to enter the one safe fold and my marriage with your poor father. Since then we have corresponded only at intervals far apart; but I still thought John retained some of the old love that existed between us in childhood."

"Cousin Laura is about my age—is she not?"

"A few months younger; and she appears to have much of her father's decision of character, combined with the generous impulses of youth."

"I am glad she does not inherit Uncle John's reserve of manner, for I feel towards her as a sister, especially since we have each but one parent left us to love," and Alice threw her arms round her mother's neck, as she remembered how frail that mother's thread of life had looked a few weeks before.

Returning her fond embrace, Mrs. Desmond continued—

“Yes, poor Laura has passed through the furnace of affliction as well as yourself. But you must not conceive a prejudice against your uncle, my child. No one enjoys more confidence for integrity in business transactions, or more respect for moral worth, than John Seaford; and his mind is naturally noble, though sometimes warped by prejudice. I would feel no hesitation in acquainting him with our present embarrassed position were it not that he would probably reflect on your father’s memory for what he would call improvident habits. Still he should be made acquainted with our bereavement, and it may be, as you say, that he has not seen the obituary.”

So it was decided that Mrs. Desmond should write to her brother informing him of the Professor’s death, and the probability of Alice utilizing her education either in Ireland or in America. She solicited no favor; but mother and daughter offered up a novena that the Comforter of the afflicted might raise up a friend for them in their necessity. The letter was dispatched, and the issue committed to Heaven.

The joy Alice felt at her mother’s recovery re-

stored much of her own former elasticity of spirits, and Mrs. Desmond knew the time had come to illustrate by example the counsels she had formerly given her daughter on Christian fortitude and resignation. She rejoiced that her life had been prolonged for the protection and happiness of her child; and duty as well as worldly wisdom told her it would not be well to shut out the bright sunshine in order to nurse her sorrow in the darkened chambers of thought. Hence she assumed a cheerful look when Alice spoke of the future with all the hopefulness of youth; and day after day the tie between mother and daughter was drawn all the closer by their dependence on each other.

Gerald's ardent and enthusiastic temperament contributed also not a little to restore serenity. It was impossible to be gloomy when his voice rang out in cheery tones—

“Good morning, Mrs. Desmond—hope you rested well last night.—Ah! glad to hear it. You *are* looking much better. Alice, the sun is nearly as bright as your blue eyes; but you must get a little more color into your cheeks, or I cannot say ‘My love is like the red, red rose’ without fibbing. Is she not

looking pale, Mrs. Desmond? Order her immediately into the garden, where I shall see she does not get under a weeping willow to meditate."

"You are right, Gerald. Alice needs air and exercise, and you may take her into custody until tea-time."

"Am I then to become Mr. Ogre's helpless captive for the next hour? Cruel fate!" sighed Alice.

"Better speak the ogre fair, proud lady, or he may make the term of imprisonment longer."

"No, no," said Mrs. Desmond; "I veto that penalty. You must both put in an appearance at tea."

"Then the ogre had better enter into the immediate enjoyment of the power entrusted to him," said Gerald. "Come, fair prisoner; and be not contumacious, nor mutinous in spirit."

Thus the days passed—Gerald and Alice meanwhile building castles in the air, and Mrs. Desmond sometimes smiling approval, and sometimes shaking her head dubiously, as they were submitted to her consideration.

There had been a great sensation in Avonmore when the death of the eminent litterateur was announced. A public expression of condolence was

sent to Mrs. Desmond; and the unlettered laborer, with all the Celtic admiration for learning, paid a glowing tribute in the national tongue to "the great scholar," who had gone for ever. The Professor's literary friends also sent letters of sympathy—some suggested the publishing of his manuscripts, but on a cursory examination all were found in so incomplete a form that only those of literary ability equal to his own could undertake the editing of them, and these latter shrank from a labor requiring so much time and research. The matter therefore dropped, and Mrs. Desmond began to consider the advisability of opening a school in Avonmore, if her brother would not suggest some other course. She hoped he would, for, since her husband's death, a yearning had come upon her to revisit the scenes of her childhood. She longed to see again the Stars and Stripes floating proudly in her own free land, and to note those progressive strides in national greatness which the Republic had made during the twenty years she had been absent from its shores. Though warmly attached to that Catholic isle in which she had found a hospitable welcome, she was nevertheless painfully affected by the oppressive

legislation that impeded all progress, cutting off the avenues of labor, and rendering the condition of the masses hopelessly miserable. Notwithstanding her unrivaled advantages for trade and manufactures, Ireland is almost destitute of both; hence the laborer's family is often altogether dependent on the daily, and sometimes precarious, wages of the father. Mrs. Desmond had frequently contrasted this wretched state of things with the condition of the workingman in America,

“Where children are blessings, and he who has most
Has aids for his fortune and riches to boast,”—

and shall we wonder if in her loneliness she pined for her native soil, endeared by former associations, by its free institutions, and the broad field of action it opens to individual effort? Alice, too, if dependent on her own resources, would be better able to utilize her education in America than in the little town of Avonmore, however much sympathy and encouragement she would receive from her Irish friends.

But the further consideration of this subject would depend on John Seaford's letter, so Mrs. Des-

mond resolved to await her brother's reply before deciding as to her future course.

“Now, dear mother, I am ready,” said Alice, as she entered the parlor, dressed for a walk. “But are you sure you can bear this? I fear it will agitate you, and the Doctor has positively forbidden excitement of any kind.”

“Do not fear, Alice. I have learned submission to the will of God, who orders all things for the best, and I cannot postpone this visit to the cemetery. Have you the flowers?”

“They are here, mother—papa's favorites and yours.”

“Then let us go, my dear.”

The little Catholic cemetery was about half a mile from the house, and the devoted wife took the earliest opportunity to visit the last resting-place of him with whom she had traveled through the smooth vales and the thorny brakes that make a twenty years' life journey. A tribute of remembrance to the departed is recognized as fitting by all Christians; to Catholics who acknowledge a communion between the members of the Church suffering, militant, and triumphant, it is an act of devotion. Even pagan

morality, with all its vagueness of belief regarding a higher existence, accounted the care of the dead a pious duty. The embalmed body, despite all its unsightliness, was a sacred treasure to the Egyptian; the Roman guarded the urn with watchful love; even the rude Indian chanted a death-song over the fallen hero. "'Tis the Divinity that speaks within us," proclaiming an immortality for the spirit enshrined in the mouldering clay. "We shall meet in the Elysian fields," said the refined Greek. "My son will welcome his father to the happy hunting-ground," soliloquized the red man. But the Christian, with the light of Divine knowledge, sees through the darkness of the tomb the beatified spirit purified from the leaven of earth, and united in bonds of love with its Creator.

At the mortuary chapel, fronting the entrance to the cemetery, the ladies stayed to offer up a *De Profundis*. Then proceeding slowly by the graveled walk on the right, they came to an angle where was a monument of white marble, surmounted by the Christian emblem of salvation. Strewing her floral offering on the grave, Alice knelt beside her mother,

and prayed long and fervently for the soul of him who now needed no other care.

“Leave me, my child, for a brief space,” whispered Mrs. Desmond; and Alice sought a retired nook, where, seating herself on a rustic bench, she gave free scope to those thoughts which naturally suggested themselves. Yonder slab recorded the name of some one’s bright-eyed darling, whom death summoned at sixteen; here mouldered the dust of an aged grand-sire, who lived through ninety winters; this simple stone marked the grave of Thomas Hind, the harmless village youth, who had no talents to account for; and in the far off nook, where her mother was still praying, slept one whose mind had penetrated the mysteries of human lore. Youth and age, beauty and homeliness, knowledge and ignorance, were brought to the same level in this silent abode, whither all should finally come—wealth could not flee from its grim portals, poverty could not pass it by. “The days of man are but as grass,” saith the Psalmist, and Alice recalled the Latin poet’s rendering of this truth—

“We all must tread the paths of fate,
And ever shakes the immortal urn,

Whose lot embarks us, soon or late,
On Charon's boat—ah ! never to return.”

Musing thus, she forgot the flight of time. Then a sweet twittering fell on her ear, and presently a carol, that sounded like a resurrection hymn, ascended to the skies. Looking up, she saw the little songster resting on the highest branch of a tree, which threw its projecting shade over the old man's grave. Thus, she thought, “his spirit freed from its vesture of clay, the burden of age and infirmity shaken off, has soared heavenward to join the celestial choir in a song of praise to the Giver of all good.” Her own beloved father, who had departed in the bosom of the Church, was also one of the elect, and would welcome her mother and herself to that blissful abode, where reigns a joy that “eye hath not seen, nor ear heard of.”

Could she ever barter such a future of happiness for the transitory allurements of life? 'Twere folly incomprehensible.

Dreading the consequences to her mother of any excitement or fatigue, Alice would not linger further. Approaching the spot where she had left the

mourner, she found her so deeply rapt in thought that outward objects were evidently unnoticed.

“Is it not time to go, mamma? I fear you have overtasked your strength.”

“Not so, Alice. I feel stronger in spirit, more hopeful, and happier, since I came here. Kneeling by your father’s grave, I have felt how glorious is the privilege of being anchored on that rock of salvation which never drifts into the shallows of doubt, but says, with Divine authority, ‘I am the Resurrection and the Life.’ Who could falter with such an assurance? I know my dear husband is enjoying the happiness of the blessed ; or if some imperfection still delays his entrance within the ivory gate from which every speck of defilement is excluded, I have the happy assurance that the day of deliverance will come. How narrow is the belief that would cut off all communion between the living and the dead from the moment the eyes are sealed in sleep. Kneel down, my child, and pray that the transgressions against Divine justice, unatoned for in this life, may be mercifully remitted, and that we may all be reunited in Heaven.”

And Alice joined her mother in a prayer for her

father's repose and the eternal rest of the faithful.

"It is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins."

All our young heroine's fears as to the effect which a visit to the cemetery might have on her mother's health, were entirely set at rest. Mrs. Desmond, as she had said, was strengthened and consoled by her meditations; and her apprehensions regarding the future gave place to a firm trust in the all-protecting care of Heaven.

* * * * *

"Mother, what is it like," rang out Alice's voice, as she entered the room with hat and gloves on.

"What is it like" was a favorite game with Alice and Gerald, and even Mrs. Desmond was sometimes inveigled into it.

"Nay, my dear, it is I who should put the interrogatories, seeing that I am in blissful ignorance of the subject under consideration."

"Well, mother, it is like a returned wanderer."

"Why?"

"Because it has at last reached its destination."

“Your new hat, I suppose. I told you it would probably come to-day.”

“Miss the first.”

“Well, Alice, what else is it like?”

“It is like *me*.”

“Why, pray?”

“Because there’s a head on it.”

“Say a head *in* it, and I shall still adhere to the hat.”

“No, Mother, I can’t alter my phraseology.”

“Then I must again ask what is it like?”

“I think it is like Pandora’s box.”

“Think—why?”

“Because, dear Mother, it surely contains *hope*.”

“Alice, are you speaking of your uncle’s letter?”

“You have guessed it this time, mamma, and so you must receive your reward. Here it is; and I shall leave you to its undisturbed perusal, whilst I execute a commission entrusted to my immediate attention by Norah.”

CHAPTER V.

WHAT JOHN SEAFORD WROTE, AND WHAT GERALD
BARRY SAID.

Ten minutes have elapsed since Alice left the room, and still the letter lies unopened on her mother's lap. Her look of abstraction would even lead the observer to suppose that its presence was entirely ignored, eagerly as its arrival had been looked forward to. The missive itself was indeed forgotten for the moment, memory having flown over the blue ocean, bringing her face to face with that brother whose last words now rang in her ears—"You are making a heavy sacrifice for an idea; I fear you will yet repent it." Would this be recalled in his reply to her letter? Few would have the magnanimity to refrain from strictures in such a case, and Mary Desmond knew well that if her brother were to give expression to his sentiments, he could not avoid some bitter allusions. Could she receive aid coldly offered, or accompanied with sneer or taunt?

“It cannot be—John’s nature is not ignoble,” she said, taking the letter in her hand. “If he does not offer Alice and myself a home, I am sure he will at least refrain from wantonly wounding my feelings; and I have faith in his still being true to the principle embodied in his favorite motto, ‘Noblesse oblige.’”

Hopeful as were her words, however, it was with a trembling hand she opened the letter, which ran thus :—

“DEAR Mary:—

Your letter, announcing Mr. Desmond’s death, reached me last week. I am sorry for a loss which has occasioned you so much grief; sorry, likewise, to learn that you have been left in embarrassed circumstances. It was to be hoped that your husband, with the great abilities assigned him by the world, would have left a due provision for his wife and child. What a pity people cannot recognize earlier that ‘will be’ is certain to follow ‘what will be!’ But enough of this. If you have nothing more definite in view than when you wrote last, you can consider what I now propose.

I am still a widower and intend remaining so. My household is fairly managed, and my daughter’s training about as satisfactory as I could desire. Still, both, perhaps, would suffer nothing from a woman’s guidance, and may be benefited by your experience and judgment. Should it suit you, then, to make my home yours, have no hesitation in saying

so, and be certain of a cordial welcome. Our domestic arrangements will in no way be disturbed by the advent of you and your daughter, and any different sentiments on our parts need never clash. No word or act of mine shall prove coercive as regards your creed, and I expect the same forbearance from you towards Laura. As for myself, having no religious Scylla to avoid, it is not likely that I need trim my sails to escape a Charybdis.

Wishing you good health, and an agreeable voyage, I remain,

Your affectionate brother,

JOHN SEAFORD."

Once, twice, thrice was the letter perused, and each time it seemed to Mary Desmond as if a weight was removed from her breast. The letter was truly characteristic of the writer—outspoken and to the point, but just and generous withal. He had touched lightly on the past, and given assurance that the ties of kindred would never be disregarded. "God bless him, and God be thanked for his goodness!" exclaimed the widowed mother, as she leant back in her chair and pictured a future in which the sombre tints that had lately presented themselves to her view were replaced by a brighter coloring. A quiet home, exemption from the harassing struggle for life's necessities, a more genial sun and warmer clime

to delay, perchance to conquer, the seeds of disease in her system, and reserve a mother's love and care for Alice till such time as——But here a smile came involuntarily, and she said half aloud, 'Poor little Alice! I cannot conceive a period to come, when love and marriage will occupy her thoughts.'

Tap! tap! tap!

She raised her head and beheld at the window the handsome face and pleasant smile of Gerald Barry.

A friendly nod was duly acknowledged, and in another moment the young gentleman was in the room.

"Send me away if I disturb you," he said, noticing the open letter.

"Not in the least. I have been reading a communication from my brother."

"Mr. Seaford?"

"Yes. But sit down, pray. How does your civil service scheme fare?"

Ah! that is why I have broken in on you so unexpectedly. I learned this morning that Sir Humphrey was elected member for the county by a large majority. He will now have no difficulty in fulfilling his promise, and I may get the summons for examination

any day. I felt so glad that I came at once to tell the good news to you—and Alice.”

“Thanks. This is indeed cause for rejoicing. I suppose you’ll read harder than ever now?”

“I think I’m pretty well posted as it is. Still, of course, I must not let my knowledge grow rusty. But there is another matter”—here Mr. Gerald Barry flushed from his collar to the temples—“there’s another matter, Mrs. Desmond, about which I have been wishing to speak for some time, and which Sir Humphrey’s election made me resolve to defer no longer, even though it be somewhat premature.”

The young man’s manifest embarrassment, and the sudden stop he made, surprised his hearer—it was so unlike his usual easy, frank manner; but without the vaguest idea of what was coming, she asked—

“What do you mean, Gerald?” and then added kindly, “Is it anything I can do for you?”

“Yes, indeed, Mrs. Desmond; it is something which you can do for me,” replied Gerald, smiling at his inward thoughts, and recovering his self-possession—“You can make me very happy or very wretched—I have been wishing some time to tell you how dearly I love Alice.”

“Alice ! my daughter !” and Mrs. Desmond gazed with astonishment at the speaker.

“Yes. I love her very, very dearly, and all my aims in life tend to making her my wife. I see you are surprised, but I trust, dear Mrs. Desmond, you will favor my suit.”

“But, Gerald, I never thought of such a thing as marriage, connected with Alice ; she is but a child.”

“Why, really, Mrs. Desmond, I don’t know,” he stammered out, “I thought she was seventeen.”

“She is seventeen, sir ; but you surely must consider her far too young ?”

“I scarcely think, my dear Mrs. Desmond, the world would agree with me, even if I did make an assertion so sweeping.”

“And, besides, Mr. Barry,” continued the lady, who felt rather overwhelmed by the nonchalance of his last remark, “how could you live ? How would you be able to support Alice ? The world may sanction marriage at seventeen, it is true ; but it also requires from the husband something more tangible than love and kisses.”

The lady had recovered composure by this time, while the gentleman began to fear he was losing

ground. His was hardly a disposition, however, to lose a fair lady through faint-heartedness ; so plucking up courage, he said—

“Even at present, Mrs. Desmond, I can give my wife something more substantial than those well-abused intangibilities—my income, as it is——”

“Is a very precarious one, my dear Gerald, and may, from the nature of your profession, fail at any time.”

“But income from nine sources out of ten *must* be more or less precarious ; and I flatter myself that if health, brain, and a strong arm, have might in this world, Alice need not fear trusting herself to my care. Don’t be too hard on me, Mrs. Desmond,” continued the young fellow, in a voice which moved his auditor in spite of her judgment ; “I can support Alice now. I am alone in the world, and if I cannot give you both the luxuries of life, I can at least always continue to keep the wolf far from the door.”

“Have you spoken of this to Alice ?” asked the lady, after a short pause.

“No—not a word as yet.”

Mrs. Desmond walked to the window and considered for a minute or two. She finally advanced to

Barry, and handed him John Seaford's letter.

"Read this, if you please, and tell me what you think."

"I think, madam," said Gerald, after reading the letter and returning it, "I'll see Alice and plead my own cause ;" and he rose hastily to go.

"Stop a moment, Gerald. You have hitherto acted with much candor and straightforwardness, and it is but fair that you should meet a like return."

A pause ensued, after which Mrs. Desmond resumed—

"I can hardly expect a young man to understand the feelings which actuate me. Only a mother could. While entertaining the highest regard for you,—I may even say, while loving you as my son,—I still see many reasons, my dear Gerald, against the marriage you contemplate. My daughter is young, young in years and in experience ; your income is at present slender, and will always be derived from a precarious source. What supports you now respectably, and leaves, perhaps, a surplus each year, would, with the strictest economy, hardly suffice for the wants of two. I'll not allude now to a triple burden,"—this with a smile—"though I fully appreciate

your kindness of heart, and thank you for it. Are not these grave obligations? Obligations to be seriously considered by even a lover; how very grave must they then appear to a mother's heart?"

"But if Alice loves me, and is willing?" faintly spoke Barry, who felt each argument crushing when put in a tone he recognized as evidently kind and sincere.

"That is the point I am coming to," said Mrs. Desmond. "You say that you have not yet mentioned this to Alice. Will you then keep silent a little longer? I will show her my brother's letter to-day, and after that, will communicate your proposal. It is but fitting that the child should first hear it from my lips; and should I find her love to be such as you hope, rest assured I will offer no obstacle to your union."

"You are goodness itself, dear Mrs. Desmond!" gasped the young man, as he wrung her hand. "But please tell her that I love her very much;" and taking up his hat he left the room.

He had hardly gone twenty yards from the door when he met Alice returning from some shopping excursion, and greetings were exchanged between

the two. Mrs. Desmond, possessed of Barry's secret, and anxious to know her daughter's feelings on the matter, eagerly watched the meeting. The distance was too great, however, to note much ; but a certain shyness of demeanor and drooping of the face on Alice's part, made the mother shake her head and sigh audibly.

"Poor child !" she murmured ; so early ! Have I done right in promising Gerald what I did ? But if she loves him ! If she loves him !"

At the end of half an hour Alice entered the room where her mother sat. Barry had but spoken some few words to her concerning his expected summons for examination, but there had been an undefined something in his tones and looks that had caused the young heart of our heroine to thrill strongly and gladly. Possibly it was this which had delayed her so long in her bedroom ; possibly it was this which made her brighter, more beautiful than usual.

"There, now, mother," said she, "I've done all your commissions ; and Miss Collins says she will positively have your dress and my hat finished this day week. It must be to save her credit that she pronounces the word 'positive-lie !' And ever so

many have been inquiring after you—Mr. Antig, Mr. Draper, Doctor O’Gorman, and a host of others. You must not feel too flattered, though; for Mr. Draper said he’d like you to see some new silks he has lately got in; and Doctor O’Gorman’s ‘How does your mother feel now, Miss Desmond?’ was asked so sympathizingly that I had hard work to persuade myself you *were* feeling better, and dim thoughts of offering half a guinea to the Doctor crossed my brain. He was just as cordial as ever, though, when I said your health was pretty good; so, on the whole, you may put him down as a disinterested admirer.”

“Yes, my dear, I am feeling pretty well to-day,” said the mother. “But sit down. I want you to read this letter from your uncle.”

“Oh, to be sure! You see, mother, it did come at last,” exclaimed Alice, beginning to read the letter straightway. Her interest deepened gradually, and the widow was not slow to notice how her daughter’s fingers fluttered a little towards the end.

“Well, Alice, what do you think?” asked she.

“I think, mother, you have described uncle to the letter. He appears a matter-of-fact, practical sort of man, not troubled by much religion, but evidently

warm in his good wishes, and sincere in his proposal.”

This was not exactly an answer to the question running through the mother’s mind, so she said—

“And how would you like accepting his offer of a home?”

The reply came quietly enough—too quietly.

“What pleases you, mother, will be sure to please me.”

Mrs. Desmond remained silent. Presently, Alice came and encircled her waist.

“And how does it please you, mother dear? Would you like to go?”

“It would suit me very well, Alice,—would please me, if I thought my darling would leave nothing behind.”

“What do you mean, mother?” with a little flush the words came.

“Were all those you met to-day *my* disinterested admirers?”

Deeper came the flush, lower bent the head, as Mrs. Desmond revealed Gerald Barry’s declaration of love. At its end, Alice’s arms were round her

mother's neck, and her face was hidden on her breast.

"And now, my dear child," resumed the mother, "tell me if you love him?"

"I do, mother,—I do love him," repeated the girl softly. "And you—do not you love him also?"

"Yes, my dear; I think Gerald Barry a good man and a good Christian. But poverty, my child, begets hard struggles and temptations, and Gerald's means are not large."

"‘He that is honored in poverty, is honored in riches,’ you know, mother," smiled Alice; "and ‘a merry heart hath a continual feast.’"

She was the gay, cheerful little Alice again. Her mother smiled, and said—

"But such a foe as poverty, Alice, is very apt to sour the heart and mar the feast. However, you must not think me a croaker. With content and economy you and Gerald may live happily together, and things may improve with you both."

"Of course, mother dear, things will improve, and Gerald, with his abilities, cannot help getting along in time. But you said ‘You and Gerald,’ whereas you ought to have said ‘I, you, and Gerald.’"

Mrs. Desmond shook her head.

“Why, what can you mean, mother?” and Alice opened her eyes wide with surprise.

“You forget, Alice, that Gerald’s income does not, at the best, amount to over eighty pounds a year.”

“Well?”

“And such will prove little enough for you two, without the additional burden of an invalid.”

“Why, mother, what do you mean?”

“This; that your uncle’s letter points out the means of securing your happiness and Gerald’s. I can emigrate, and thus insure——”

“No! no! mother,” cried Alice, now thoroughly conscious of her mother’s intended sacrifice. “You must not—must not—think of such a thing.”

“Calm yourself, Alice; I am resolved——”

“Then, I’m resolved too; and if you emigrate, I go also.”

The pale spirituelle face denoted a good deal of resolution, and Mrs. Desmond wavered. But she thought that as yet she had not done her duty. So she took the girl’s hand in hers, and sought to hide the real sacrifice she was making by speaking lightly of the separation, by descanting on the benefit which

the voyage and warmer climate would work on her health, and by the pleasure she would feel when she could visit Alice next year with renewed strength. She did not even fail to tempt her by drawing a pretty home picture. But still Alice was not convinced, and before returning to her room, her last words, broken with sobs, were “mother, you cannot—shall not—must not go!”

CHAPTER VI.

ALICE DESMOND'S "NON POSSUMUS."

Little more was said during dinner concerning the morning's conversation, yet it was evident that Mrs. Desmond was earnest in her resolve. An idea, however, presented itself, which Alice hoped would be productive of good, and this she forthwith proceeded to put into execution. She called on the pastor of Avonmore, and detailed the entire circumstances, concluding with, "Now, Father Walsh, I want you to see mother this evening, and prevail on her to abandon all thoughts of going to the States. You must tell her how easily and how comfortably we can all live here together, and——"

"But, my dear child," interrupted Father Walsh, "are you certain of that? Remember, that your mother is both old and experienced, and would not inconsiderately advise you to anything wrong."

"But she can't be right in this, Father; and if she be, why then—then it must be my duty to go with her;" and the tears rose in Alice's eyes.

“Not necessarily, my child. But there; don’t worry any more, and I’ll see your mother this evening.”

He accordingly did, and when Alice thought he had concluded the conversation, she entered the room to arrange the tea-table.

Father Walsh had divined pretty well the motives which were actuating Mrs. Desmond, and the subsequent conversation confirmed his conjectures. His practical knowledge of life, earned by many years’ toil, amid its busiest and most hidden scenes, made him perceive and acquiesce in the reasons and resolution of the mother. Now, too, for the first time, did he fully learn how precarious was Mrs. Desmond’s health, and her fears that the disease was progressing. Thoroughly did he understand her entire abnegation of self, and the pang it would cause to part with her child for the child’s welfare. But to mortal ken, her plan seemed best. True it was that an exalted sense of duty and religion would induce a daughter to forego the ties of love and cleave to her parents; but the priest knew that such exaltation is not required from weak humanity in general, and that every sacrifice, to carry a corresponding blessing

with it, ought to be spontaneous, and prompted by the Giver of all good.

Yes, the widow's plan seemed best, and Father Walsh resolved to speak in support of it.

"And now, Father Walsh," said Alice, handing him his tea-cup, "I hope you have persuaded this naughty mamma of mine that three people can live happily together, and given her a lecture for entertaining so criminal a love for the United States."

"But what becomes, then, of the old proverb that 'only two's company'? And as for blaming her about the 'United States'" continued he, with a laugh, "remember, it is dangerous to throw stones when you have a glass house of your own."

"Only two's company, indeed!" exclaimed Alice, ignoring the latter portion of his reply, save by a blush. "Where's your classical knowledge gone, Father? Did not the three Graces live together, and the three—three——"

"Three Furies," interposed his Reverence, with another laugh, seeing that the speaker had stopped, at a loss for another happy exemplification of tria juncta in uno. "I'm afraid, Alice, the classics are against you."

"Well, I'll admit my defeat, provided you say 'Veni, Vidi, Vici,' and I'll give you a lump of sugar in your tea for each word."

"The laborer is worthy of his hire," is he not, Mrs. Desmond? So here goes. 'Veni.'"

Lump of sugar number one, was dropped into his tea.

"Vidi." He was rewarded with a second.

"And now," added the priest, as the sugar tongs held the third lump suspended over his cup, "unless of your charity you bestow the third, I cannot claim it."

"Why?"

"Because, instead of saying 'Vici,' I am afraid I must say 'Victus Sum.'"

"Oh! Father Walsh, you cannot mean that you have failed? Mother, say you have not refused."

The tears started to the girl's eyes, and in her agitation the priest's tea obtained the lump he had not earned.

"Calm yourself, Alice," replied Mrs. Desmond, "Father Walsh and I have talked long and seriously over the matter, and he is entirely of my way of thinking."

“Yes,” said the priest; “I think, all things considered, your mother is right, Alice, and that her plans for you both are most feasible. Gerald Barry’s income is small, and requires to be husbanded. If your mother’s health can be recuperated, and her anxiety to see an only brother satisfied, by a visit to the States, that need not materially interfere with your marriage. Nay, you can even have the pleasure meanwhile of looking forward to the time you may see her again, when recovered strength on her part, and pecuniary circumstances on your own, may well forbid any further separation.”

Some desultory conversation ensued, after which Father Walsh arose. Placing his hand on Alice's head, before his departure, he said, kindly, "God bless you, child, and direct you as a true Christian, and a good daughter!"


A severe struggle was that which occupied Alice's soul this evening—a struggle which was continued in the privacy of her chamber. One of the three alternatives had been tried, and found unavailing; only two now stared her in the face. Would she marry Gerald, and let her mother go? Would she accompany her mother and abandon her lover?

Which will she do? Which—which—which?

To such of our readers as may smile at our heroine's perplexity, and say, "I know what I would do—I would marry Gerald," it may be necessary to state that Alice had been brought up in some ways differently from girls of her age. Her classical lore had magnified her ideas of all virtues, true love and filial affection among the number. Thus, she required Philæni for her Carthage, a Pylades for her Orestes, a Thisbe for her Pyramis, and an Æneas for her Anchises. The parental tie also had been of the closest, partaking of unbounded love and unrestrained intimacy. Nor could she listen to arguments on one side only, protecting the other ear with cotton; the mathematical and logical training of the Professor told here, and forbade any such pleasing stratagem. Reason out the matter fairly she should; but, alas! a Bithus started up for every Bacchius.

Poor little thing! With what was she struggling?

Barry loved her—and often as the thought crossed her mind a transport of joy succeeded; her mother, Father Walsh, had both sanctioned their loves and advised their marriage. Surely they would not advise her to do wrong? The nature of the one, the



profession of the other, forbade harboring such conjectures.

With *what* then was she struggling !

But the impatient jerk was of no avail, and she commenced pacing the room. Yes ; there on the table lay her work-box, the first present from her mother ;—but on it was placed a copy of Gerald Griffin's poems—Barry's gift. There was the album given by Mrs. Desmond on her last birth-day ; but she knew whose lines, written on the fly-leaf, made it doubly precious.

The very associations in the room seemed at strife ; and so the struggle went on—on—till finally she proceeded to her mother's room, intent on making one more appeal, of getting comfort somehow,—if from nothing else, at least from her own unaided efforts with her thoughts. As she neared the chamber she heard her mother speaking as if in prayer, and she caught the words—"Holy Mother of God, guide my dear child in her new life, guard her against troubles and temptations, and should my days be shortened by this disease, and we be permitted to meet no more on earth, console and watch over her !"

Alice hesitated for a moment, and then retreated

softly to her own room. A great quietness came over her, and she involuntarily repeated "May God direct me, as a true Christian and a good daughter!"

They were the last words which Father Walsh, as if by inspiration, had addressed to her!

Early next day Gerald Barry called at the house, and on asking to see Miss Desmond, was ushered into the room where Alice sat alone. She had expected this interview and awaited it all the morning, with a strange mixture of longing and of dread. Both exhibited some symptoms of nervousness,—the gentleman more especially, as having to take the initiative. When the customary greetings and inquiries had been made, a pause ensued, which the lady devoted to some netting in her hands, and Barry to thinking how he should commence.

"Alice," said he at last, "I had a conversation with your mother on yesterday, the subject matter of which, I trust, is not now unknown to you. But in this case you'll forgive repetition, will you not—and let me tell you how long and how dearly I love you? Yes, Alice," and he took her hand in his, "very long and very, very dearly. To-day I have come to tell you all this,—though you must have

known it long before,—and to ask you to become my wife.”

He noted her agitation and augured favorably from it ; but her reply struck him like a thunderbolt.

“Oh, Gerald ! please stop,—I cannot, cannot marry you.”

“Cannot marry me !” and he dropped her hand in surprise ; “Why ?”

“Because—because—I cannot.”

“A remarkable reason, to be sure !” replied the suitor pleasantly enough ; “but it fails to enlighten me much. Alice, I cannot have taken you by surprise ; my words and looks ought to have long since told you the secret, even if Mrs. Desmond had not already made you aware of it. Do you not believe that I love you ?”

Those beautiful blue eyes were raised to his with a glance of confidence, and “Yes” was plainly written on the face whose lips uttered it not.

“Well, darling, and now I ask ‘Do not you love me?’”

No answer came, and even the eyes, which had momentarily restored confidence, were hidden from his gaze.

"I see how it is," said Barry bitterly, "I thought Mrs. Desmond my friend, and she has pleaded for me with a vengeance."

"No, no, you wrong her; indeed you do, Gerald," cried the girl; "Mother esteems and loves you very much, and every word she said was in your favor."

"But, still, she objected to your marrying a poor man."

"Indeed, no; both she and Father Walsh urged your request strongly, and are your fast friends."

"Well, then, the objections must be all on your side."

A sudden thought struck his mind.

"Tell me, Alice, has your uncle's letter—Mrs. Desmond allowed me to read it yesterday—has Mr. Seaford anything to do with this?"

"We intend accepting his offer and going to the States."

"Ah! that is it!" exclaimed Barry, savagely. "A wider sphere for conquests like mine, probably. And the hope of higher and richer ones prompt you to furnish so solid a reason as—'I cannot!'"

"Oh, Gerald! why do you—how can you wrong me so cruelly?"

The tears rose in the girl's eyes, and she spoke reproachfully, forgiving him the bitter words, through consciousness of the suffering she was forced to inflict.

"But, good heavens, Alice! what am I to think? What *can* I think? I ask you to be my wife; your mother and Father Walsh acquiesce in and press my request. You refuse giving, or you cannot give a single sensible reason—a reason at all, for that matter!"

He was pacing the room during this remark, feeling completely nonplussed. He faced her at the conclusion, with a look which made his last words an interrogation.

"My mother's health is not good," cried Alice desperately, feeling sorry immediately that she had ventured on ground she had forbidden to herself.

"And will our marriage make it worse? Or will the trouble and fatigue of a long sea voyage improve it?" He took her hand again. "For God's sake, be sensible, Alice; and if you are actuated by any exaggerated ideas, do not let them influence you now. Consent to what I ask—to what your mother

and best friend have advised. You know I love you. Will you not say the same to me?"

Alice sank on a chair, and utterly overcome, cried out "Leave me—do, pray, leave me! Oh, Gerald! Gerald! forgive me for causing you such pain,—but I cannot—cannot marry you!"

The sobs came freely, and the poor girl's frame shook visibly from emotion. Barry took his hat and left the room, pitying, angry, and thoroughly perplexed.

The struggle was over. Duty had vanquished,—the true Christian and good daughter had come out victorious. In her room the previous night Alice had prayed,—prayed, perhaps, as she had never prayed before; prayed that her mother might be long spared to her, and that she herself might have strength to resist all temptations to part from that mother, and the happiness of consoling her last hours in life.

The hardest temptation of all was that of leaving Gerald in doubt as to her love for him. But what would it avail either if she confessed the depth of her affection? They must separate, perhaps to meet no more; and besides, her modest nature

shrank from revealing her love to a man whom she could not wed. No ; even in the misery she felt after Barry left, she told herself that she had acted and spoken for the best, and resolved, come what would, to adhere to the course she had marked out.

And she did ; for though Gerald made renewed efforts to alter her design, and Mrs. Desmond endeavored to second his remonstrances, Alice firmly yet gently, set their entreaties aside and said it could not be. Neither did she speak, act, and move about as if she were a martyr ; her cross was taken up silently and borne cheerfully, and even her mother could detect no vestige of melancholy or sadness of demeanor after a few days' lapse.

* * * * *

One day, in the sunny month of July, two vessels lay side by side some quarter of a mile or so from Queenstown Harbor. One was the steamer "Vulture," bound for New York ; the other a tender, which had just brought on board the passengers and mail for the New World. The preparations are complete—the bell sounds—the whistle blows—

bigger and blacker clouds of smoke rise like giants from the funnels, and the two vessels separate amid parting cheers and the wild waving of handkerchiefs.

On board "The Vulture" were Alice Desmond and her mother; leaning over the bulwark of the tender, and waving their adieus to the last, were Father Walsh and Gerald Barry.

CHAPTER VII.

OVER THE ATLANTIC. A MEETING AND A PARTING.

After seeing the last outline of her native shore recede from view, Alice turned her gaze on the broad expanse of sky and water that formed the horizon, and a mingled feeling of interest and awe took possession of her mind. Tusker Light had thrown its last gleam over the mighty deep, which now lay in unruffled majesty before her—scarcely a ripple agitated its waters, extending as far as the eye could reach to the blue canopy that overarched their surface. It seemed like a picture of her future life, from which the last bright ray had been shut out, leaving her on a vast, untried ocean, looking smooth, indeed for the present, yet it might be that storms and dangers should be encountered before the haven of refuge was gained. The blue sky, however, would always encompass the dread abyss—this she would look up to when the clouds darkened, and the angry waves threatened destruction.

Whilst Alice mused thus, other reflections passed

through her mother's mind. To her the ocean was not a new acquaintance. She had before seen the placid front and the angry frown of old Father Neptune; and memory carried her back to the Bellerophon, on whose deck she was again standing, with bright hopes for the future, and loving trust in the grave scholar who stood beside her. Had the hopes been fulfilled? Was the trust misplaced? Should her life be called a failure? Her life indeed was then in its dark phase, nevertheless she felt that much of the bright sunshine had visited her home in Avonmore. The heart she had won had never wavered in its devotion; an honored name and a heritage of talent had been bequeathed to her beloved child, who was her comfort in every sorrow. Could the fickle love of an ignoble mind, though attended with all the trappings of wealth, give more of happiness? She would not make the exchange.

The individual purposes of existence can never be determined until all is recorded, and good or evil can no longer make the balance of judgment incline to this side or to that. Mrs. Desmond's page yet wants some lines in the Book of Life, and we must therefore suspend judgment on the third question.

To return to the Vulture. All meditations were interrupted by the signal for dinner, which was followed by an immediate skurrying from the deck and a scramble for places. Our heroine and her mother chanced to be seated near Captain Semmes, a thorough-going seaman, whose father had been in the war of 1812, and was engaged in the action between the Peacock and the British man-of-war, Nautilus, in which the American flag was victorious. This being the closing scene in the war, Captain Semmes loved to descant on the theme, and noticed with evident gratification the pleasure with which the ladies listened to his recital of those "moving accidents by flood and field," in which his father had been a prominent actor. To Mrs. Desmond everything relating to her native land had gained redoubled interest by her long absence from its shores, and Alice enjoyed the graphic narratives of the good-natured and enthusiastic seaman.

The Captain soon discovered that one of his passengers was returning to her native land after twenty years' absence, and this took his favor and friendship by storm. He waxed eloquent over the go-ahead Republic, which could beat all creation—

“had done it too, ma’am, and was ready to pitch into every Britisher again, as we did in the Straits of Sunda;” and in a burst of pride and good feeling he brought the ladies from stem to stern of the Vulture, pointing out its trim shape and goodly proportions, and expatiating on the great improvements in steam navigation since Mrs. Desmond had trod the deck of the Bellerophon.

Thus the first three days of the voyage passed pleasantly, and the fresh sea breeze seemed to have a wonderfully exhilarating effect on passengers and crew; but as life on land is made up of sunshine and showers, so life at sea has its calms and its storms, and the latter came with startling suddenness.

There is a merry gathering in the saloon after supper. Here a knot of politicians are arguing the merits of rival candidates for office. This rubicund gentleman, who looks as if he were on excellent terms with the world in general, is proclaiming his favorite “the greatest reformer of the day, sir;” whilst his lank, sallow-faced opponent pronounces the reformer “a cheat, a hypocrite, and a traitor to the best interests of the country, sir.” History repeats itself, as we find in this year of grace, 1877

At one of the tables a party are evidently ignoring the name of "whist" in their excited argument over some contested point in the game. In this corner Phyllis holds Damon entranced by her dulcet tones; and in the opposite direction is an elderly gentleman who looks up testily from the paper which he has been making vain efforts to peruse; he finally lays it down in evident disgust, casting a cynical look on those whom he singles out as the prime offenders against his organs of sight and sound. It is lost on both.

"Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life as Love's young dream"—and as Phyllis sings, Damon re-echoes the words, and cries "*encore*."

Hark! what sound was that? A heavy lurch is followed by a crash louder than before. All is silent now—the song hushed, the debate suspended. How trifling the minor concerns of life seem, when the storm, with voice of thunder, proclaims the existence of a power before which man's courage, strength, and skill must bow in submission!

Boom! The sound comes over the ocean with alarming distinctness. There is a hurried trampling on deck, the straining of cordage, and above the din

is heard the Captain's voice shouting orders through his speaking trumpet.

Two hours of anxious watch below, in which hearts throb painfully. How many life-sketches were drawn in those two hours, and what softening tints were added to pictures whose colors lately appeared blurred and indistinct! How many aims and aspirations loomed up, where a little while back all seemed a dreary, hopeless monotony! How bright with the warm hues of affection was that home in which the spirit had pined like a caged eagle! Would the tempest that rent the Vulture's sails also destroy the canvas of fancy's portraiture?

A few minutes more and a head is seen on the companion stairs.

"What cheer?"

"Safe—the storm has spent itself. The Vulture weathered the gale nobly."

"What meant that signal gun?"

"A sailing vessel in distress; her rigging is gone, and she seems to be water-logged."

The announcement caused a rush to the deck, when it was found that the storm was indeed lulled, though the sea still ran in heavy swells, and lurid

flashes at intervals lit up the inky blackness of the sky.

In one of those gleams a dark object was discovered two points to leeward of the Vulture, and from this direction had come the signal of distress. Hark! another gun tells of danger; and now the heavy clouds are rolling off, the moon sends a glimmer over the waters, and two boats are seen plowing their way towards the Vulture, which has tacked round to meet them.

There is an interval of suspense, and all watch with bated breath as the turbid waves seem ever and anon about to swallow up the frail barks with their living freight. The spray dashes over them, and they rock on the troubled deep, but still they are steadily nearing the ship's side—a few minutes more and they will be safe. Look! how that mountain mass of water threatens the smaller boat. Horror! it has struck her bow, and all are engulfed in the black abyss, doubly black now, for the moon is again obscured.

“Man the life-boat,” shouts Captain Semmes, and the command is instantly obeyed.

“Here is a stout swimmer—quick! a life-buoy—

he has caught it—he is safe. That one is struggling hard to gain the boat—they are pulling towards him—a floating spar seems to have struck his head—he is under the waves!—no, there he is again, striking out for the boat—they see him—hurrah! hurrah! See that man to leeward—they have sighted him, too—another—and another—and another—thank God, all are saved.”

By Divine mercy all had indeed been rescued from the jaws of death; and the crew and passengers of the disabled ship were soon comfortably ensconced on board the Vulture, showing their full appreciation of Captain Semmes' hospitality.

The Helene was a sailing vessel which had left the port of Havre a fortnight before, bound for New York. She was heavily laden with oil and silk; but fortunately, as it would seem, she carried only a few passengers. Owing to over-lading, and some defect in her build, she had become water-logged; and though the storm had been weathered, it was evident the Helene could never reach port. It was with no small satisfaction, therefore, that her Captain and crew hailed the Vulture; and though it caused the brave sailor much regret to abandon his ship and

cargo, nevertheless no time was lost in exchanging from the doomed vessel to the steamer. When all were safe on deck, the boats were again manned by a party on both sides to bring off the most valuable portion of the cargo. This was successfully accomplished; and to prevent the danger of collision with another ship, the *Helene* was set fire to, and those on board the *Vulture* saw the curling flames shooting upwards for a moment, and a bright light appeared on the waters, marking the funeral pyre of the *Helene*.

Whilst the incidents just narrated were occurring, Mrs. Desmond and Alice retired to the cabin, and after offering up a prayer for all on board the *Vulture*, both calmly awaited the issue. On learning that the storm had subsided, our heroine, like the other passengers, would have gone on deck, but her mother's nervous system had suffered a severe shock, and a fainting fit ensued. In the general commotion on board, all being intent on the movements of the *Helene*, it was impossible to summon assistance; so Alice could only watch and wait until her mother regained consciousness. It was a long time before Mrs. Desmond revived; then, feeling the necessity

of administering restoratives, Alice hastened on deck, hoping to see the stewardess, or the doctor. The latter was there, but another patient claimed his attention—the man who had been struck by the floating spar, and afterwards picked up by the crew of the life-boat. Bending over him was a young girl, whose expressions of grief, uttered in French, betokened a warm attachment for the man, who was now insensible to her passionate embraces.

“Il n'est pas mort—il vivra pour moi,”—she said, looking at the doctor, with a face half pleading, and half in defiance of any opinion that would deprive her of hope.

The doctor evidently did not understand her words, but he divined their meaning; and, placing his finger again on the man's pulse, he smiled, and nodded reassuringly.

“Comme vous etes un ange, monsieur!” exclaimed the girl, with all the warmth of feeling peculiar to her nation; to which the doctor replied by another smile of assent.

Seeing she could get no help, for the present, Alice returned to her mother, and tried what her own skill would effect. She had not much reason to congratu-

late herself on the result, for another fainting fit succeeded; but, happily, the stewardess was now at hand to give aid. With all the care lavished on her, the invalid did not appear to regain strength, and the rough weather, which continued several days after the storm, caused her to experience the worst horrors of that dreadful malady, sea-sickness. No one but a nervous sufferer can realize the sensations of a tortured victim confined in one of those pent-houses, facetiously called *state-rooms*, racked with headache, and cast about ruthlessly from one side of the narrow couch to the other, with every motion of the ship.

Poor Alice felt wretched in witnessing her mother's suffering, without any possibility of alleviating it. The kind-hearted doctor tried to cheer her by saying, in a pleasant voice, when he made his usual morning call—"Don't be down-hearted, young lady; your mother will get through it bravely; sea-sickness does not kill any one"—but the patient's pallid face, and throbbing brow, did not give effect to this assurance.

The boisterous weather tried the temper of the stewardess, as well as of those who required her

attention, and Alice had just come to the conclusion that modern voyagers, as well as early navigators, need "strength and triple brass" in a trans-atlantic trip, when, to the general satisfaction, the weather cleared, and the Vulture was again gliding smoothly over the surface of the tranquil waves. As soon as Mrs. Desmond could leave the cabin, she requested to be helped on deck, and how gladly she inhaled the pure sea breeze, after her weary confinement. Sheltered under an awning, all sense of pain and weariness gone, a light zephyr fanning her cheek, and imparting an unwonted buoyancy of spirits, she seemed to be in another existence, as she watched the blue sky occasionally flecked by a gossamer cloud, and the glassy crest of ocean, rippled by some sportive dolphin, or by the sea-gull skimming the crest of the waves, and she recalled the song of Nourmahal—

"And oh! if there be an elysium on earth, it is this, it is this."

Her reverie was interrupted by a hearty "Good morning, madam; happy to see you on deck again."

It was Captain Semmes who thus greeted his country-woman's reappearance. Mrs. Desmond returned

the friendly salutation, with a remark on the beauty of the scene before them.

“Yes, madam, this *is* life, the true elixir. The old alchemists wasted their time in seeking for it on land—had they thought of distilling the fluid furnished by Father Neptune, they might now be taking a voyage aboard the Vulture.”

“Unless their experiences were more agreeable than mine, Captain, they might not think this an inducement to return from the land of shades.”

“I see how one loses ballast by being cooped up among the Britishers. My dear madam, if you had spent the last twenty years under the Stars and Stripes, you would now be a regular old salt—able to keep your ground like any free-born American citizen.”

“True, Captain Semmes, I am not so good a sailor as I was twenty years ago; but you must confess the late storm might well shake the nerves of any landsman. How happily you came to the rescue of the Helene!”

“Yes, they might all have gone to Davy Jones’ locker had not the Vulture hove in sight.”

“All were saved, I understand.”

“Every man—and the woman too, for there was one aboard.”

“Only one! Is she married?”

“There seems some mystery about it. She and a man named Guerenne were the only cabin passengers on the Helene, and there seemed to be a relationship between them. When the man was brought aboard the Vulture, the young woman took on about him so that we thought she must be his wife; but after recovering, he parried all inquiries regarding her. None of our people understand her gibberish.”

Alice, who was sitting by her mother during the foregoing dialogue, remembered the girl's impassioned words, whilst the man who must be the Guerenne spoken of by the Captain, lay unconscious. She did not, however, deem it advisable to say anything about the matter then; and as the Captain was here called off, the conversation ended.

The weather continued favorable during the remainder of the voyage; and no incident broke the ordinary routine, save an episode in which Guerenne and his companion were the prominent actors.

In the afternoon of the day before which they expected to land, Mrs. Desmond and Alice had taken

possession of their favorite places on deck, where they were partly screened from observation. The former was meditating on a passage in Lignori, whilst our heroine was building fancy fabrics, as in days of yore. Suddenly strange voices struck on their ears, one evidently speaking in her native tongue, and the other endeavoring to make himself understood in very indifferent French, which we shall take the liberty of translating into English.

“Well, Julie, you will soon see the American coast.”

“And la belle France will be further off—poor me! I may never see it again.”

“What matter? You will find room enough and people enough here.”

“Too much room—too many people. I shall be afraid, and wish we were back again in Normandy.”

“Nonsense! You could never wear silks and feathers in Normandy; here the work-girls can have them.”

“I do not care for fine dress, and I would be happy in a poor cottage with you. Am I not as dear as ever?”

“Chut!” said Guerenne, holding up his finger in

warning, as the two ladies, unwilling to become eavesdroppers, stood up and sought another part of the vessel.

Passing by the Frenchwoman and her companion, Alice noticed that the girl was a pretty brunette, with decided character in her face; but the man, who looked as if he belonged to a higher station in society, did not impress her favorably. There was a sinister expression about the mouth, which did not win confidence.

At last the long-expected cry of "Land" was shouted from the mast-head, and eager looks and glad voices welcomed the tidings. To some "Land" conjured up the vision of a happy fireside, where wife and children listened for that voice whose every tone resounded in their hearts; to others it spoke of a mother and sisters who with fond embrace would welcome the returned wanderer; the exile greeted it as the El Dorado in which he would find a happier home; whilst to Alice and her mother it pictured a past of varied hues, and a future on whose canvas as yet only a dim outline was traced.

A bright morning in August saw the Vulture anchored in New York bay, and Mrs. Desmond felt

a thrill of pleasure as she again set foot on her native shore. "It is home where'er the heart is," and whilst her husband lived, the Green Isle had been the dearest spot of earth to her, but after his death it seemed as though an invisible hand ever pointed westward, and a voice whispered "Go, tarry not." This may be ascribed to overwrought fancy, yet certain it is that she now felt as if her mission had been accomplished, and it only remained for her to await the next decree. When the usual custom-house examination had been gone through, she and Alice were driven to the Astor House, where they proposed to pass the night, and telegraph their arrival to John Seaford. It was about two in the afternoon when they reached the hotel, and after some rest and refreshment, our heroine remarked on the hum of busy life which pervaded the Empire city.

"It is a matter of surprise to myself, Alice, to see how it has grown since the day I embarked for Europe; and as we have some hours on our hands, it will pass the time to take a look at the city. We can call at Stewart's and get those trifles you need."

"Would you not rather rest, mother?"

"No, I do not feel at all tired, and we will only walk a few squares."

The histories of Greece and Rome had infused into Alice's mind a love for republican government, and she was eager to see anything in the New World that claimed admiration. Stewart's mammoth store could not fail to arrest her attention, not because of its fine fabrics and costly wares—she had seen as rich velvets and laces in the Sackville street shops—but here was the evidence of a master mind directing an establishment that spoke of great resources, commercial enterprise, and the well-directed skill which contributes to national prosperity. She felt some pride in seeing this superstructure raised by Irish ability and industry; though reflection in after years convinced her that the financial powers of the renowned New York merchant had effected little in comparison with the labors of the despised peasant in the coal mines, on the railroads, and in the thousands of factories which make the boast of New England. "They have gone from us with a vengeance," said John Bull. "They have come to us with their willing hearts and stout hands," said Brother Jonathan. "Quick! let us unearth the

treasures in our mines ; let us open up communication with every state, from north to south of our broad dominion ; let us build factories whereby we may become independent of foreign commodities, and in time open a mart for European trade. Set to work with a vengeance !”

Some may say that the labor of the Irish people in the United States was an accident, and their emigration a necessity. True, but so was the advent of the Pilgrim Fathers ; and, while we claim no superiority for the Irish laborer over the laborer of any other land, we insist that America owes it to her own sense of justice and self-respect, to speak of the Irishman who fought her battles and plowed her fields, as indulgently as she does of the Englishman and the German, who were arrayed against her in her hour of danger, and who stood aloof until her acquaintance was worth seeking.

As the ladies were returning to the hotel, one of those changes peculiar to the American climate, occurred ; the sky became suddenly overcast, and a heavy shower was evidently impending. Being only a square from the Astor House, they quickened their pace, expecting to be under shelter before the rain

fell; but presently there was a heavy down-pour, which saturated their light summer habiliments. On gaining their room, both divested themselves of their wet clothing as speedily as possible, and Mrs. Desmond retired for the evening. She did not appear to suffer from her late exposure to the weather, and was soon in a deep slumber; but towards morning, she awoke with feverish symptoms, and acute pains in the chest. A physician was summoned, who pronounced it a severe attack of pneumonia. A dispatch was immediately sent to John Seaford, and Alice once more kept anxious watch by her mother's bed.

* * * * *

"What is the hour, Alice?"

"Eleven o'clock, mother. Uncle must soon be here."

"I hope so, for I would wish to bid him a last good-bye."

"Oh! what dreadful meaning is in your words?" sobbed Alice, as she laid her head on the pillow.

"My dear, dear child, Heaven now calls on you

for fortitude. I fear I must leave you. It wrings my heart to say this, but you will still be under the care of a merciful Father, who has even the hairs of your head numbered."

"O mother!" was all Alice could utter, as she gave way to a fit of convulsive weeping.

"Be comforted, my darling. This would be a bitter woe indeed, if I had not the Christian's consolation, the hope of a happy reunion. The parting will be but for a short time, Alice, and it is fit that I should go before you; but your father and myself will await the coming of our beloved daughter at the golden gate which leads to a life where all is joy, where there shall be no more parting. And you, my child, will remember your parents at the holy sacrifice—you will not forget them in your prayers."

"Never, dear mother—but it is so hard to lose you now."

"For a little while I must be taken from your sight, my love, but remember, I will always be with you in spirit. When sorrow or danger besets your path, then be assured that your mother hovers near,

that she will bring your prayers for help to the footstool of Divine grace."

"I cannot give up all hope," said Alice, with an effort to restrain her grief; "the doctor does not despair of your recovery."

"It is better to be prepared, my child. The doctor evidently fears the worst; therefore, let us both commit the matter to Heaven, and say, 'Father, thy will be done.' Now, my dear, send for a clergyman; I wish to get the rites of the church without delay."

In all the excess of her sorrow, Alice felt that the interests of the soul were paramount then; so a priest was immediately summoned, to whom Mrs. Desmond made her last confession. The holy Viaticum was afterwards administered, and the clergyman withdrew, leaving the dying lady in communion with the Divine guest who had deigned to enter her roof.

She had just finished her acts of adoration and thanksgiving, when a servant brought a card, announcing the arrival of John Seaford. Fearing to leave her mother for an instant, Alice desired her uncle to be shown up to the room. Presently there

was a knock. Rising from her kneeling posture, by her mother's bed, she went to the door. A gentleman stood there, in whose erect figure, strongly marked features, and rather stern expression of countenance, she recognized that brother John, of whom Mrs. Desmond had so often spoken.

"Uncle!" said Alice, extending her hand.

"My niece, Alice Desmond, I presume," said John Seaford, as he lightly touched Alice's brow. "How is your mother, child?"

"Alas! uncle John—I fear there is no hope—my poor mother!" and the tears fell fast as she motioned her uncle to enter.

John Seaford advanced to the bed where lay the sister whom he now met after twenty years' separation.

All estrangement was forgotten, as each marked at a glance the ravages time had made. Mary saw heavy lines of care on her brother's brow, and John Seaford's mouth twitched as he marked the death-hue on the face of that sister, who, in all his early wayward moods, had ever been gentle and affectionate. Bending down, he kissed her pale lips, and said, with some bitterness—

"Your marriage has resulted in this, Mary."

"Not so, John. Life and death are in the hands of an Almighty Being. My dear husband loved me to the last, and no unkindly feeling ever disturbed our peaceful home. I die in the full confidence of being anchored on the Rock of Salvation; and in you I know my beloved child will find a protector. Comfort her, my dear brother, when I am gone."

"She shall be to me as my own daughter. I feel, Mary, that I owe you some amends for past neglect."

"I never accused you of any, John; and, trusting in your noble nature, I die happy, for I know you will carefully guard the one treasure I leave on earth. And you, dear Alice, will always be an obedient and affectionate daughter to the uncle who will henceforth supply a parent's place."

Taking a hand of each, as they stood beside her bed, she joined them within her own, and, exhausted by the effort of speaking, fell back on her pillow.

Alice hastened to apply restoratives, which fanned the expiring spark of life into a momentary blaze.

"Mary," said her brother, in a voice husky with

emotion, "we shall soon be parted. Is there no other wish I can gratify?"

"This evidence of your love is very dear to me, and may Heaven requite it to you and to your child. Alice, you will love Laura as a dear sister. There is no more to wish for. I thank God for the light and the blessings vouchsafed me. I rejoice in having made my husband's life happy; and the affection of my child will attend me even beyond the grave. It has been permitted me to see you again, dear John, and to be consoled by your brotherly care and kindness. Now I can fall to sleep in my Savior's arms. Lord, Jesus, receive my soul! O Mary, immaculate Virgin, lead me to the throne of thy Divine son."

The eyes closed, but the lips still moved in prayer. Alice, holding her mother's hand, locked in her's, presented the crucifix to her lips. A smile passed over the face, and the spirit was before its Creator.

May we not well believe that the Virgin Mother, to whose care a dying Savior committed man, and charged man to treasure her maternal love, responded to the supplication addressed to her, and led the disembodied spirit to the feet of its Redeemer?

We must draw a veil over the daughter's grief. For some time the sense of her loss, and a dreary feeling of loneliness, held her senses in a stupor of sorrow. Then her uncle took her hand, and said, in a voice that sounded very soft—

“Do not grieve, Alice. There must be a home beyond the skies for those like your mother. Such a death is surely the entrance to life.”

CHAPTER VIII.

GERALD GETS DISGUSTED WITH H. M. S.

If, O reader, you be interested in Alice Desmond, and Alice Desmond only, you can skip this chapter, and comfortably remain on the American side of the Atlantic. We intend to recross and see how fared it with Gerald Barry. Come—no grumbling. You can stay or go, as you choose. Too tired,—would prefer to remain,—but still you would like to know what became of him? Just to satisfy you, then, we'll end this chapter at once, and tell you that he left his country.

For his country's good, do you say?

That is as it may be. From a British statesman's point of view, every Irish emigrant is a benefit to his country; and if the summum bonum has not yet been reached, it must be that his legislative grammar runs thus:

One million Irish emigrants.....good.

Two million “ better.

Three million “ best.

The native population...the summum bonum.

Never mind, Mr. Legislator. Plato and all the other philosophers could only *approximate* to the idea of "the chief good;" while you, you—though you have not yet accomplished it—you have certainly *grasped* the idea—at least, in Irish affairs.

One thing you have done, perhaps,—that of inducing the reader to hurry over, while one of the aborigines is left.

But what of Barry? When did he leave, and why?

As you will persist in speaking, reader, I must tell you "that all you say will be used in evidence," that you *are* interested in Gerald; and so—and so we must e'en satisfy you.

Gerald Barry was not one of whom Chispa could say "A plague on all lovers who ramble about at nights, drinking the elements, instead of sleeping quietly in their beds." Truth to say, his appetite and sleep suffered but very little from his lady love's departure. He loved Alice; had tried to win her; and had failed. He loved her still, and youth and hope whispered bright thoughts of a happy reunion. In the meantime, however, he had good sense enough to know that healthy occupation was better for mind

and body, than incessant musings over disappointed hopes. He accordingly filled the spare hours from the telegraph office, by teaching, by private study, by one thing and another; and though ever and anon

“In his fancy reigned supreme

The ideal woman of a young man’s dream,”

he succeeded pretty well.

He might have succeeded better, had his desire of getting into the Civil Service been obtained; but though a month had elapsed since Sir Humphrey was elected M. P. for the county, no summons for examination had arrived. Our hero’s mind was getting soured by the delay, and——But we can better judge how matters stood, from the following letter, which he wrote about this time to Frank Rood, a college chum of his, who had wandered to the United States some years previous.

“A graduate of Dublin University, as you know, I had the overwhelming ambition, some twelve months since, to aspire to a clerkship in her British Majesty’s Record Office. I bought Cassell’s Guide to the Civil Service, hunted out “Record Office,” found that clerks were paid not less than £90 per annum, and had an increase of £10 each year.

“‘Just the thing,’ I mentally exclaimed.

“Qualifications;—English history, penmanship, precis, vulgar and decimal fractions.

“What! the dignity of being accounted an officer on Her Majesty’s Service, together with £90 (and the increase) per annum, lying in wait for an English history—penmanship—precis—vulgar and decimal—man! I lit a cigar, and reflected, whether it would not compromise me terribly in the eyes of the world, if I, a University man, who had devoured the pages of Bacon, Macaulay, and Locke; had worked abstruse problems in Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, and Calculus; could quote whole passages from Virgil and Horace, and render any passage in Homer, Sophocles, and Euripides;—if I, who had even mastered Gesenius’s Hebrew grammar, should accept a post—even though on Her Majesty’s Service—that rated its standard of qualifications at so low a point.

“By the time I finished my cigar, I concluded that I *would* accept it; but firmly resolved that on the day of examination I would demand to be examined on such optional subjects as Latin, Greek, and Mathematics. This determination arrived at, nothing was wanting but a nomination. I consulted

Cassell again. It said 'the power of nomination rests generally with members of Parliament.'

"Not a single M. P. was I acquainted with! How unlucky. But stay; there was our county member, Sir Humphrey Crass, who was reported to be a personal friend of Mr. Antig's, to whose (Mr. A.'s) son I played the part of private tutor, at a remuneration sufficiently large to keep me in cigars, and sufficiently small to keep me in the good graces and cheery 'if I can ever be of assistance to you, count on me's' of Mr. Antig. 'The very man,' and saying so, I proceeded forthwith to Mr. Antig, whose suavity of manner was even redoubled on hearing the object of my mission.

"'Certainly, my dear Barry, certainly. I will write to Sir Humphrey Crass this very evening, and if the thing *can* be done, you may depend on his assistance. Personal friend of mine, Sir Humphrey Crass; and has assured me that my influence—very slight, notwithstanding his flattering assertion—that my influence was of incalculable service to him in obtaining his seat last election.'

"Mumbling something about my agreement with Sir Humphrey, in fully believing the powerful influ-

ence of Mr. Antig, I returned my warmest thanks to that gentleman for his kindness.

“‘The early bird catches the worm,’ soliloquized I; and immediately bought foolscap by the ream, a box of Gillett’s best, placed Smith, Lingard, and Macaulay on my table, and sent for a *Precis* and an *Arithmetic*. Hardly had these last arrived, when a note from Sir Humphrey Crass informed Mr. Antig that ‘he would be very glad to use his influence for a gentleman of Mr. Barry’s educational abilities, especially when recommended by a gentleman whose uprightness and acumen of intellect were universally acknowledged. If Mr. Barry would send him a written application for a nomination to the office which he was seeking, he would lay it before the Civil Service Commissioners.’

“I wrote the letter and then proceeded to study for the examination. Jupiter! did I not study! Fishing-rod, gun, bat, even my favorite meerschaum, were ignominiously ejected from my study room till such time as I could comfortably enjoy them; when an officer on Her Majesty’s Service, and holding high carnival on £90 (with the increase) per annum.

“‘Business before pleasure,’ muttered I, and sa

down to my desk. Suddenly I started up, struck with an idea. What if I should shave my head! There's no knowing when the Summons for Examination may come; perhaps in a week, certainly in a month. And here are Macaulay, Lingard, Arithmetic, and *Precis* to be gone through! If I would only shave my head, there *could* be no temptation to leave my books. After due reflection, I did *not* shave. If I did, young Antig would ventilate the affair, and I would receive pressing invitations to half a dozen evening parties, and a score of billets from my lady friends, requesting my escort to all the picnics and flower-shows in the neighborhood.

“Confound them! they would not wish for better fun. What a guy I would make of myself when taking off my hat to bow to all the old ladies, not to mention the young ones, whom the girls would be sure to introduce me to. No, no! Besides, it would look ridiculous to appear so *very* anxious to obtain this clerkship.

“But did I not study! No more fishing, riding, or shooting; no more cricket-matches, boat-races, or swimming; no balls, parties, or picnics; I eschewed smoking and bitter beer; young ladies were things

of the past; an officer on Her Majesty's Service and £90 (with the increase) per annum, were things of the future—the exertion of securing which was a thing of the present. Save my hours in the telegraph office and the walk which I took daily to young Antig, I was a very stylite—or rather chair-ite. I studied before and after breakfast, before and after supper, and went to sleep while mentally tracing the genealogies of English rulers from Egbert to Victoria. Oh! how I crammed! I could tell the date, cause, and effect of every battle found in British History; the when, where, and articles of each treaty of peace; could minutely detail the feudal system, and was perfectly at home in the Corn Laws. Arithmetic was thoroughly worked from cover to cover, and my room was littered with precis of a correspondence between The Right Hon. the Secretary of State, and Gerald Barry, Esq. clerk in Her Majesty's Record Office.

“At the end of two months I felt convinced of my capability for obtaining the Premiership, were penmanship, precis, British history, vulgar and decimal fractions, the only qualification for that exalted position. But the summons for examination had

not yet arrived, so I one evening asked Mr. Antig if he had heard lately from Sir Humphrey.

“‘Yes, but he made no mention of your nomination. Has he written anything about the subject to you?’

“‘Not a line, sir. I hope he has not forgotten the matter.’

“‘No, I think not. You see, I pressed your request on him urgently, and said I would consider any favor shown by him to you as a personal obligation to myself. No, Mr. Barry, I think not. But those affairs, you see, are very slow—very slow indeed. So much business, so much correspondence, and so many applicants. However, it will be all right, and in fact you may expect the summons any day.’

“‘Another month passed by, during which I revised my classical and mathematical lore, still fully bent on astonishing the natives of the Record Office and of the Civil Service Commission department in general. No summons made its appearance, so I wrote a note to Sir Humphrey, requesting to know whether he could give me any further information relative to the matter concerning which I had the honor of

writing to him about three months ago. In a week's time a note from Sir Humphrey begged to acknowledge the receipt of my letter of such an instant, and expressed his sorrow at informing me that there was not at present a vacant clerkship in the Inland Revenue Office; when a vacancy did occur, he would acquaint me of the fact.

“‘Obstupi, steteruntque comae, et vox faucibus haesit!’ I was seeking a clerkship in the Record Office, and was informed that the *Inland Revenue* Office was clerked to repletion! Could I have made such a gross mistake? No; I had kept a copy of my first letter to Sir Humphrey, and there I saw ‘Record’ written as plainly as if it had been stenciled. I wrote again, expressing my thanks for his letter, and regret for the very great trouble which I occasioned; begged his indulgence for informing him that I was a candidate for the Record, and *not* the Inland Revenue Office; and had the honor to remain his very humble servant.

“I received the following reply:—

‘LONDON,

White’s, 10 P. M.

‘DEAR SIR:—

I called at the Record Office on yesterday, and

got the enclosed printed list of qualifications that are required of candidates for clerkships in R. O. You will do well to make yourself up thoroughly in them. In the meantime, rely on my aid in getting you summoned for examination as soon as possible. I have already sent in your application to the Civil Service Commissioners.

‘I remain, dear sir,

Yours truly,

HUMPHREY CRASS.’

“Eureka! I had got it at last! Not the appointment, but—but the next thing to it; yes, the *very* next thing. Just to think how kind Sir Humphrey Crass was in nominating me, going himself to the Record Office, and forwarding me the printed list—all in the space of three months. A herculean task! not certainly for an ordinary man, but for a baronet. Baronets are not to be considered ordinary men.

“Had I lived in the days of Olympian Jove, I would certainly have sacrificed a snow-white steer,—if I could afford it. As it was, I penned a gushing letter of thanks to Sir Humphrey, and begged his acceptance of a Latin ode, penned by me when the receipt of his last letter necessitated an outlet for my emotions of gratitude. I remember that those lines of Horace,

“*Mæcenās atavis edite regibus,
O et præsidium et dulce decus meum!*”

inspired me with the idea. Such a striking parallelism too! *Mæcenās* had patronized Horace, introduced him to Augustus, and loaded him with honors, favors, and emoluments; Sir Humphrey Crass (how singular, too, that the final letters of both patrons' names were identical, save that 'Crass' had an additional 's') had nominated me, walked to the Record Office, and forwarded a list of qualifications to me.

“Once more I pored over the British kings and queens, reviewed my precis, and solved the arithmetical posers. A month rolled by, and to partially prevent myself from harboring the delusive ideas of Gerald Barry having become metamorphosed into a Stuart, Guelph, or Tudor, an article of precis, or a vulgar and decimal fraction, I recalled from exile a long-lost and valued friend—my meerschaum. I filled it with Lundyfoot; and while watching the graceful smoke-wreaths, hope, cheering hope, filled my heart once more; they twisted, twined, and curled above my head, but twist, twine, and curl as

they would, they always wreathed into those magnetic and entrancing characters, H. M. S., and £90.

“It was the seventh month since the date of my first application, when I again wrote to Sir Humphrey. In a few weeks a letter came from the M. P. to Mr. Antig, in which he said: ‘Tell your friend, Mr. Barry, that I am at present unable to press his claims on the attention of the C. S. C. with the earnestness I would wish. In the present crisis of affairs it would render my motives highly liable to misconstruction if I, a member of the Opposition, should ask any favor of the Ministry. But I need not tell you that the Government has lost the confidence of the nation, and in a few months the time must come (a time when you, my dear Mr. Antig, and every true-hearted patriot shall be called on to forward the real interests of the country) when I can readily further the welfare of Mr. Barry.’

“I confided my fortunes to fate and the ‘crisis of affairs.’ Little by little I annulled the decree of ostracism which I had launched against bitter beer, bats, rod, and gun. While resuming my acquaintance, however, with Bass, Ponto, and Strauss, I never forgot or cut Macaulay, Lingard, or Precis.

“The ‘crisis’ came about a month ago; the Ministers resigned, and the ‘true-hearted patriots,’ after giving due reflection, over barrels of ale and whisky, to the ‘real interests of the country,’ re-elected, by an overwhelming majority, Sir Humphrey Crass, as their representative in Parliament.”

Thus did matters stand with Gerald Barry, and day by day was he getting more and more discontented with Sir Humphrey for not being summoned; with Mrs. Desmond for not writing as she had promised; with himself and the rest of the world in general. About this period he formed the acquaintance of a Mr. Villines, and found that he also had received a nomination for the Civil Service.

“What department?” asked Gerald.

“A cadetship in the constabulary. Do you not find it an awful bore to be waiting for the summons for examination, Mr. Barry?”

“Bore! I should think I do. It is now over fourteen months since I first applied for a clerkship in the Record Office. But you speak as if you, too, had felt the delights of procrastination, eh?”

“No wonder, by Jove! Talk about fourteen

months! Why, sir, I have been nearly three years waiting for my Exam."

"Three years!"

"Yes, sir, three years."

"And when do you expect to be summoned?"

"Heaven only knows! Some time, perhaps, in the next three years. Ha! ha! ha! It is ridiculous, by George, when one thinks about the matter seriously. I have known fellows to be kept waiting so long that they finally exceeded the required age, and were obliged either to lie most abominably, or look out for something else."

"I don't know how it is," said Barry peevishly, "but the clerks in the Record Office appear to be as much of a fixture as Nelson's Pillar itself. I absolutely shudder sometimes at the homicidal ideas I entertain towards them."

"How? I do not quite understand."

"Well, you see, no vacancies have occurred in that department."

"No vacancies!" said Villines with surprise. "Why, certainly they have. In a Gazette which I got a week ago, I saw that two gentlemen had passed for clerkships in the Record Office, and I

know for certain that applicants for the same department have been summoned three or four times during the period you have mentioned."

Gerald must have stood aghast, for his acquaintance continued, "Do not imagine for an instant, my dear fellow, that your time will come in regular rotation. Your name may head a list of twenty applicants; still, any and every one of the nineteen may be summoned before you, if he should chance to be a pet of one of the Commissioners, or of one of the Commissioner's friends; if his father be a thick-and-thin supporter of Government, and can by his influence throw three or four votes into the ministerial scale; or if the M. P. who has nominated him should actively and earnestly bestir himself in his behalf. These, sir, these,—not character, ability, energy, and uprightness,—are the real levers that move the mammoth sloth, the Civil Service Commission office."

This conversation was anything but "balm of Gilead" to our office aspirant. The climax was reached, however, when in reply to another missive sent by him, Sir Humphrey wrote: "The members of the Opposition have of late been so clamorous

against the so-called favoritism of the Government, that I do not deem it advisable or judicious to press your claims at present. As soon as the present excitement subsides, I will be very happy to do what I can for you."

Disgusted alike with the Ministry and the Opposition, with red-tapism, M. P.'s and the Civil Service in general, Gerald Barry abandoned all ideas of becoming an officer on Her Majesty's Service, with £90 per annum, and soon afterwards did what we told the reader in the beginning of this chapter—he left his country.

CHAPTER IX.

GERALD HAS AN ADVENTURE, AND HEARS TWO
STORIES.

After landing in New York, and allowing a week to roll by, during which he visited the chief places of interest and recruited from the fatigue of the voyage, Gerald began to seek employment.

“With health, strength, and five hundred dollars in my pocket,” exclaimed he mentally, “I feel independent enough for the time being; but it is just as well to commence the battle at once while my swords are golden.”

To work accordingly he went, and after a little time succeeded in obtaining a few private pupils. These, with the copying of law papers, served to supply immediate wants and prevent further inroads on his scanty savings. But the work was hard and unremunerative; so when winter was about giving way to spring, Gerald looked out for something better, and obtained a position as professor of classics and mathematics in one of the Pennsylvania colleges.

Some few evenings previous to his departure for the college, an incident happened, which though little thought of at the time, and forgotten by him in a few days, recurred distinctly to his mind in after years. His boarding-house was in Washington street, and one of his favorite customs after supper, was to stroll along the battery, and muse over old times, and the scenes from which the Atlantic at his feet now divided him. Thus was he occupied one evening, late in January. The weather was mild for the season, the sky tolerably clear, and as Gerald smoked a cigar, and gazed over the waves, his thoughts went back to the old land, to his orphan days, his studies with Mr. Desmond, and his intercourse with Alice. What had become of her? Why had they not written? He appeared to be forgotten by all; even his chum, Frank Rood, had left New York previous to his arrival, and now, amongst the crowds in this great city, not one was he intimate with.

"I do not see how much better off I am, either," thought he, "as well have stayed in Avonmore."

A young girl passed him, hurriedly, at this moment; but Gerald was so absorbed in his reflections

that he hardly noticed her, till a sob roused him from his reverie. She stood on the quay, a few yards to his left, and looked sadly distressed.

“Poor thing!” muttered Gerald; “she, too, perhaps, has crossed those waters, and sorrows for her native home.”

He passed slowly behind her, and noticed how thinly she was clad. Her face was directed towards the ocean, and he heard her exclaim, piteously, in French, “Alas! alas! what else is left!” A paroxysm of tears followed, and Gerald approached to speak words of comfort. Well that he did, for only by a sudden bound did he succeed in preventing the wretched girl from flinging herself into the waters.

“Poor creature!” said he, while exerting all his strength in resisting her wild struggle at self-destruction; “what would you do?”

“What!” cried she, excitedly; “can I not even destroy my misery with my life! Leave me, monsieur, I beg you.”

“No! no!” cried Gerald, whose knowledge of French enabled him to understand what she said. “Not till you promise to quit all thoughts of so sinful an act.”

“Sinful!” she cried bitterly, “Mon Dieu! It is to avoid a life of sin that I do it,” and she burst into tears.

Barry allowed her to weep unrestrainedly for a few moments, merely putting her arm in his and drawing her some distance from the quay.

“There,” said he at last, “cheer up now, and let us know your troubles. Perhaps they may be relieved.”

The girl had become quieter by this time; fainter too, for she leaned heavily on her companion’s arm.

“Troubles!” she replied, wiping away the tears which still started to her eyes. “Yes, indeed—desertion—no work—no friends—no home—no food! Oh, monsieur, I am very wretched!”

“But, my poor girl, these are all misfortunes, not sins. Tell me, are you a Catholic?”

“Yes, monsieur.”

“And do you not know the dreadful consequences of hurling yourself into God’s presence before He summons you?”

The tears fell again, as she exclaimed in anguish, “May the good God have mercy on me for being so tempted. But what shall I do? What shall I do?”

“Do? You’ll do better, of course,” replied Gerald cheerfully. “And as for those troubles you mentioned, some of them must be endured, others may be relieved. One of them, however, and that the most pressing, can be remedied right here.”

They had by this time approached a restaurant, which Barry now entered. Seating his companion in a quiet corner, he ordered supper for both. Hunger does not require much pressing, and Gerald had the satisfaction of seeing his charge do ample justice to the viands. She was about twenty years of age, of medium size, with long black hair, which, during her attempt at suicide, had fallen from its knot, and possessed a pretty face, although the features were not over regular in outline. Altogether very attractive in appearance, thought Barry, as he scanned her countenance now and again during the repast. This last being over, Gerald said kindly—

“Now, mademoiselle, for those other troubles of yours. But first, will you not tell me your name?” Perceiving that she hesitated, he added “Mine is Gerald Barry.”

“My name, monsieur, is Julie Liberte.”

“Well, Julie, suppose you let me hear your story.

Who knows but that your troubles may prove capable of healing. I may be able to suggest a remedy for some of them at least."

Gerald's frank look and manifest sympathy inspired confidence; and with the forcible eloquence of truth, the young French girl told her simple story.

Some nine months previous, Julie Liberte was assistant in a Havre establishment. One day, a gentleman, foreign in his manners, speech, and appearance, entered and asked for a pair of gloves. Whilst being waited on, he commenced a conversation with Julie, attracted by her handsome face, her bright smiles, and liveliness of demeanor. Next day he called again, this time for some handkerchiefs; and if one might judge from the difficulty he had in selecting, and the various questions he put to Julie, it would be inferred that kerchiefs were articles in which he was rather fastidious. It seemed indeed, as if Mr. Guerenne's entire wardrobe appeared in want of renovation, for each succeeding day saw him a visitor and buyer at the store, and Julie smiled gayly when he vowed that never had he purchased such excellent gloves, ties, cuffs, and kerchiefs. One evening, too, he was enabled to

save the young girl from some insult while walking from the store to her boarding-house; and henceforward,—so great was his kindness and anxiety for her well-being,—Julie found an escort homewards in the person of Mr. Guerenne. Who could withstand so much interest, so much devotion? Not poor Julie; and almost ere she was aware of it, her heart was Guerenne's, and the only great events of the twenty-four hours were Henry's, (she had already learned his Christian name,) daily visit and Henry's stroll homewards with her.

One evening he said suddenly "Well, Julie, another week and I leave Marseilles."

It required no acute observer to note the distress which those few words occasioned, and Henry Guerenne put his companion's arm into his and turned aside into the small park close by. There he poured his tale of love into her ear and learned how well he was loved in return. There he described in glowing terms how happy they would be in the New World to which he was returning; how she need no longer dwell in a fourth-story attic, nor tremble for her living at the frown of Madam Garnier, her employer. Her future life seemed rose-colored at his drawing,

and the orphan girl leaned her head on his bosom in an ecstasy of delight and love.

“What happiness!” she murmured, as her lover kissed her. “But merci! you leave in a week, you say? My trousseau——”

He smiled. “Your trousseau, ma chere? Your trousseau will be the richest New York can provide.”

“New York! I do not comprehend,” said the girl in a tone of bewilderment.

“Easy enough,” replied Guerenne; “my time will now be fully occupied in making preparations for departure. And you—you would naturally desire a gay bridal, a rich trousseau, and all the other et cetera of a bride’s desire. Well, by deferring our marriage till we reach New York, we——” The girl, shaking her head resolutely in dissent, withdrew her hand from his clasp; and though Guerenne continued to plead long and earnestly in behalf of his plan, she demurred to all his arguments. Next day the gentleman was still more ardent and pressing in his entreaties, but Julie continued firm, and even received his protestations of love with a coolness that served but to fan the other’s passion.

Finding her inexorable, he at length yielded the point; so one evening beheld their marriage, and the morning of the next their departure from Marseilles. When some thousand miles from the American shore a storm arose, which so disabled their vessel that all on board might have perished, were it not that a passing steamer hove in sight and transferred passengers and crew to its own deck. At length they landed in New York, and for some time Julie lived as happily as the brightest of her dreams had pictured. But Guerenne was in business, and after some months he began to plead important engagements as a cause of absence. At first, these rough breaks in her joy were measured by days; weeks soon intervened between his visits, and Julie's sorrowful looks were disregarded by her husband, and her tender reproaches received with coldness. A month at last arrived, during which she had heard or seen nothing of him, and the proprietress of the boarding-house intimated a desire that the rent should be paid. Most of the ready money in Julie's pocket went to meet this demand. Anxiously did she await her husband's coming. But Henry Guerenne

never came, and the thought of desertion became at last a sad reality to the wretched wife.

“Finally, monsieur,” said she to Barry, “I was compelled to leave the house and choose a humbler tenement. I tried for work, but little could I procure. From a poor lodging, I was driven to one still poorer; and clothes, trinkets, everything, went in the struggle for bread. At last I had nought save this left”—pointing to her wedding ring—“and so—so—”

The girl wept quietly, while Barry pondered over her story, and revolved in his mind how best he could relieve her. The conclusion of his deliberation was to consign her for a few days to the care of his landlady; she might be able to suggest some means of employment, and until such could be procured, he would leave some money for her maintenance. In a few words he informed Julie of his project, and both set out for Washington street.

“Here, Mrs. O’Leary,” said Barry, as he led Julie into the private parlor, where his landlady and her husband were then sitting, “here, I have brought you a poor waif, whom I know you will be kind to;” and he proceeded to give an outline of his evening’s

adventure, and the chief points of interest in Julie's narrative.

Long ere he had concluded, the girl's bonnet and shawl were removed, and herself seated in front of the bright fire, by the worthy landlady. No two persons could be more unlike in appearance, than Mrs. O'Leary and her spouse. She was small, pale, slender, intelligent, and an American; Ned O'Leary was robust, florid, heavy in appearance, and a thorough Celt. *Similia similibus* appeared ludicrous in their union; but, nevertheless, it proved true in two essential points—good humor, and a kindly disposition.

When Gerald had finished his recital, sympathy beamed in the matron's eyes, as she kissed Julie.

"Poor thing," said she; so young and so unfortunate already!"

"The thundering villain!" shouted Mr. O'Leary, banging the table with his hand; "I only wish I had the hanging of him!"

Gerald proceeded to discuss his plan for Julie's welfare, but his landlady soon broke in.

"Land's sake, Mr. Barry, there's no need of your paying me money for the poor child. I'll take care

of her, and that willingly. She'll help me about the house, and next Sunday I'll tell Father Fitzgerald all about her case. He may be able to direct her for the best."

"Never get married, Mr. Barry," said Ned, solemnly.

"Why?" asked Gerald.

"Faith, for a good reason;—you'll never have a will of your own if you do. See there, now, if Sarah hasn't settled the whole business about Miss Julie, and what she'll do for her, without even saying 'By your leave, Ned O'Leary.' Never mind, Sarah, I forgive you," added he, with comic gravity; "and to show I bear no malice, I'll take the decanter, some hot water and sugar from you. Glory to you!" as the decanter was set before him; "sure, obedience is as good as honor in the matrimonial vow any day of the year. Won't you take a drop yourself, al-annha?" This to Julie. "Good spirits is the best remedy I know for bad ones. You won't? Well, here's success to you, anyhow; and it's meself that will say a pather and ave to-night for that villain to get what he deserves."

"Well, Ned," said his wife, smiling, "do not

spend too long praying, for it's getting late. Come, Julie."

"Bedad, then, I spent longer in praying for yourself," replied Ned, with a good-natured laugh.

"Did you ever hear how I converted the heathen?" asked he, as the door closed on his wife and Julie.

"What heathen?" inquired Barry.

"Sarah Hoppin that was, Mrs. Ned O'Leary that is. No? Well, then, mix yourself a tumbler of punch and I'll tell you."

"About five years ago," commenced he, while puffing his pipe, "I began to board with Sarah Hoppin. She was a widow, then, and a Protestant. May the Lord forgive her!—for being a Protestant, I mean, for the poor creature couldn't help being a widow, I suppose. I was only commencing in the world meself, at that time, and had just got a contract for grading and repairing some streets up town. New York wasn't as big then as it is now, nor as clane, either, and what with hard work, the bad air, and working for days knee-deep in water, I woke one morning with pains and aches enough in my body to satisfy any half dozen Christian souls in

purgatory. The doctor was sent for, and said I had got the rheumatic faver, but that he'd get me over it. Sure enough, he did; but it took him six mortal weeks to keep his promise. Well, sir, a few days after I got well, and was walking about, bad luck to it if I wasn't laid up again; and this time it was another faver. The lung faver, the doctor called it; and mavrone, all the courage of the O'Leary's went out of me when he shook his head, and mutthered something about my constitution not being able to stand another attack. And there stood Mrs. Ned—Mrs. Hoppin, I mean, with the tears in her eyes, as she asked him would I get over it. 'Yes, ma'am,' said he, 'we'll get him over the faver, but he'll be so wake after it that nothing but the greatest attention and nursing will save his life.'

"'If that's all, doctor,' says she, 'he'll live, for I'll nurse him myself!'

"Well, with that and her spaking so plucky, he asked her, civilly, if I was her husband. Bedad, I could see the poor woman blush when he asked the question; and I don't know but I blushed meself, too, only that the faver was so high, I suppose, they couldn't see it.

“They’re the divils for doctors, anyhow,” apostrophized Mr. O’Leary, as he began mixing himself another whisky punch. “When I was all over it, he said I was an excellent patient; and I believe him, for when he spoke the words, he had sixty dollars of mine in his pockets—forty for one faver, and twenty for the other. Well, not to interrupt meself; at the end of nine or ten days, I was neither here nor there. The faver had left, sure enough; but many a long day after, it seemed as if it had taken with it the body and soul, and six of the seven senses of Ned O’Leary. The seventh appeared to stay behind—only to watch and look at the kind face of Sarah Hoppin, and ’tis often she’s told me since, that my two eyes used to haunt her in her drames, and say, ‘Wake up, Sarah Hoppin, and give Ned his beef tea.’ Here’s her health, and long life to her, for—not saying that she’s my wife,—she’s the kindest and the truest-hearted woman in crayation. That sounds like braggin’, but never mind. She watched me, fed me, nursed me, and—well, if I’m a hearty man here to-night, it’s Sarah Hoppin’s doings.

“Quare thoughts used to cross my brain when I was lying on the broad of my back, on the sick bed,

but the two that occurred the oftenest were, 'She's a Protestant,' and the doctor's remark, 'Is he your husband, ma'am?'

"Well, sir, as soon as *raison* and intelligence returned to me, I promised myself to pray for a whole year, morning, noon, and night, that the Blessed Virgin would put it into Sarah Hoppin's heart to turn Catholic; and, bedad, if I paid all my promises to Heaven as faithfully as I did that one, Saint Peter would open the gates and say, 'Step right in, Ned O'Leary,' when I approached. To make a long story short, I bought a picture of the Blessed Virgin, hung it in my bed-room, and prayed hard and fast to her, three times a day, that the good woman who nursed me might see the light of the true church. From Monday to Sunday, week in and week out, I went on with my jubilee; and at the end of six months Mrs. Hoppin was as big a Protestant as ever. In spite of meself, I was getting discouraged, but I kept on praying harder than ever, notwithstanding. Two months more passed by, and still I'd see her going to church on Sundays, with her bible. I was getting almost crazy; and, indeed, I used to pray so loud, and keep mutthering to myself, walking up

and down the room, that the other boarders thought I *was* crazy. Another month came round; but, begorra, one Friday, as I stept into the kitchen, what should I see her but aiting a beefsteak, just as if I never said the bades for her salvation.

“I couldn’t stand *that*, you know; so I ran up to my room, locked the door, and walked straight up to the picture of the Blessed Mother. ‘Arrah!’ says I to her, ‘what’s the use of wasting my breath on her? What kind of a heart has she, at all, at all? Here I’ve been patthering pather and aves to you now for over nine months, counting my bades, and saying your rosary, and the divil a one of her is more of a Catholic to-day than she was when I began. Can’t you do anything for her, at all,’ said I. ‘You’ve been looking down at me, and listening to me long enough; but, ’pon my conscience, if you don’t stir yourself, I’m afraid Old Nick will have her yet. Oh, wirra, wirra, isn’t it too bad, after she nursing me like me own mother, and saving me from the jaws of death! Holy Virgin, do something for the poor craychur, and don’t let her be lost in a way like that;’ and down again I fell on my knees, and

begged our Blessed Lady to intercede for her poor soul.

“Well, sir, half an hour afterwards, as I was going out, who should call me into this very room but Mrs. Hoppin.

“‘Mr. O’Leary,’ says she, ‘is anything the matter with you?’

“‘Sorra the thing, ma’am,’ says I.

“‘You’re not sick, are you?’ asked she.

“‘Divil a sick, ma’am,’ said I; ‘sure it’s yourself and the sixty dollars that’s left me an elegant constitution.’

“‘Well then,’ says she, ‘there’s something weighing on your mind?’

“Bedad, sir, she had me there, and she saw it like winking. But for all that I was’nt going to tell her, for sure if the bades and the pather and aves couldn’t move her, what could a poor simple spoken body like myself expect in the way of argufying the subject. Still, all I could say wouldn’t put her off; and, faith, for all that you’d think her quiet and delicate in her ways, she’s just as determined a piece of woman flesh as you’d meet in a day’s walk. The short and the long of it is, that she taized and taized, till at last

I had to make a clane breast of it. Well, sir, when she heard the holy all of the matther, what did she do but laugh and laugh, till I felt so mad that I ran out of the room and left her there. It was hard work, you may be sure, to pray for such a haythen after that; but still and all, I made up my mind to see the thing out for the year.

“And what do you think, now? I’m a sinner if she didn’t ask me a few evenings after if I had any Catholic books? and when I said I had, if she didn’t ask me to loan them to her! I ran to my room like a lamplighter, and if I didn’t cut a double shuffle, naboclish. Well, sir, I brought her down the Path of Heaven and the Catechism, the two books my poor mother—God rest her soul!—gave me when I was laving Ireland.

“Thing’s went on quiet and aisy like for a week or so, and, bedad, the first thing I noticed in the way of improvement was that she had all fish and no mate on her plate when Fridays came round. ‘Hurroo!’ said I to myself, ‘that settles it! Old Nick, you divil, *your* hash is cooked with Sarah Hoppin, anyhow. By and by, she asked me for some more books, and what did I do but go to Father Fitzgerald and ask

him for the loan of them, telling him the whole business. He gave them with a heart and a half, you may be sure, and she read them, and read, and read, and read, till she began to get pale in the face. That frightened me, for ever since she kept Fridays like a Christian, I used be thinking more and more of the quare question the doctor asked her about me when I was sick. 'Twas all right, however, for one day she came and wanted to know where my parish priest lived. I brought her to Father Fitzgerald; and may I never die, if she wasn't a Catholic before the year was out."

"And I suppose," said Gerald, laughing, "that was not the *last* visit you and she paid Father Fitzgerald?"

"You see how it is yourself," said Ned, with a merry chuckle. "After I made her a good Catholic, I thought 'twould be a mortal shame if I didn't make her a good Irishman.

"You're going, are you? Well, I believe it's about time; so good night, sir, and pleasant drames."

CHAPTER X.

ALICE AND LAURA ARE EACH INTERESTED IN THE
QUESTION—"WHAT IS HE LIKE?"

In the parlor of one of the most aristocratic mansions in Boston sat two girls, apparently of the same age; and when the dark eyes of the one lit up with some fanciful thought, or the hazel orbs of the other drooped in an occasional reflective mood, an observer might detect a family resemblance. Nor would he be mistaken; for one of the young ladies is our heroine, Alice Desmond, and the other, a new acquaintance of ours, is Laura Seaford. Alice's dress shows that the period of outward mourning for her mother has passed; and there is a look of peaceful resignation on her face, which tells us the angel of mercy has stilled the troubled waters of grief, and a calm has descended upon her spirit. Her uncle's kindness, together with Laura's affection, contributed to assuage the bitterness of sorrow; and a devoted attachment had sprung up between the cousins, who seemed to be magnetically attracted

to each other at their first meeting. The attractive power was not merely the tie of relationship, but still more that mutual sympathy which binds youthful hearts together "with hooks of steel."

Happy youth! with its noble impulses, ardent affections, and unselfish devotion. The saddest thing about age is not gray hairs, a wrinkled brow, or failing strength, but the cold hand of calculation, which measures generous feeling and plodding thought by the same standard; the icy breath of distrust, which nips every tender emotion; and the withering glance of suspicion, which seres the green leaves of fancy's fair garland. Time may stamp his impress on face and form, but man never grows old until the heart is tainted with selfishness; then the innocent pleasures of the young become irksome, and friendship is a matter of convenience.

Laura had at times felt very lonely amid all the splendor her father's wealth afforded. She had lost her mother a year before the opening of our story, and when Mr. Seaford informed her that Alice had lately been deprived of both parents and would henceforth make one of their family, Laura's generous sympathy was given without reserve to her

orphan cousin, and she greeted her arrival with a warmth of affection which made them sisters from that moment. And as every heaven-approved act receives its reward, so Laura found her's in the love and devotion of Alice, who would have given her own life to secure the happiness of one who had met "the stranger in a strange land" with so kind a greeting.

Life was no longer a dull monotony in the Seaford house. Laura's disposition needed companionship, and before her cousin's arrival she had missed this sadly. Heretofore she had taken only a listless interest in home duties, but now the details of housekeeping formed matter for pleasant discussion; real enjoyment could be found in music, birds, flowers, and those numerous devices in netting and crotchet, which are the feminine substitutes for cigars—a matter wherein we are decidedly of opinion the ladies have chosen "the better part." Despite all rhapsodiës on the glorious inspirations arising from the weed, we maintain that the noxious plant fosters selfishness, its indulgence tends to obfuscate the faculties, and its boasted inspirations would not unfrequently allow the responsibilities of life to soar

out of view with the curling smoke which ascends from the cherished meerschaum. Stay, reader—you need not remind us that our hero is one of Ike Marvel's disciples. "'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis 'tis true;" and though we deplore the fact, candor compels us to acknowledge that Gerald Barry, like other estimable friends of ours, has a weakness for "that strange custom," as Captain Compass expresses it, "of filling the mouth with smoke"—he might have added, "and compelling all who sit in company with them to inhale it nolens volens." But whilst avowing our skepticism as to the inspirations arising from the narcotic plant, we must admit it has tempted us into an involuntary digression, for which we crave pardon, and like the distinguished orator on the Crisis, we shall now return to our subject.

There was another pleasure which Laura owed to Alice—the pleasure of active usefulness in the world. Our heroine, like all Catholics, had been taught to regard the poor as the chosen of God, who has promised to requite the good or the evil done to them, and in Avonmore her mother had always encouraged her to give practical effect to her chari-

table feelings for the distressed and afflicted. Laura was naturally benevolent, and several societies received liberal contributions from her—one especially, which it was the fashion to regard as the most deserving of support, the society for introducing Protestant Bibles into Italy, and establishing Protestant schools in Spain. It had, indeed, sometimes occurred to her that the money collected for this purpose would be more usefully expended on the ignorant and homeless city Arabs of Boston and New York; but then the Rev. Mr. A. and the Rev. Mr. B., whose statements were corroborated by the Rev. Mrs. C., had been members of a delegation sent to southern Europe, and they reported a very hunger and thirst on the part of the people of those countries, for the enlightenment that would come to them with the introduction of the Protestant Bible.

“How is it,” mused Laura, when returning from one of the above-mentioned meetings, “that our society cannot, or does not, effect in the United States, the moral improvement it anticipates in Spain and Italy? I heard pa say the standard of morality in those countries is higher than in our own.” No reflection could furnish Laura with a satisfactory

answer to her mental query, so, like a school-boy working at a too difficult problem, she "let it slide."

The example of our heroine directed her cousin's charity into a new channel; and, after relieving the necessities of some starving widow, or hungry orphan, Laura felt that the few dollars so invested had brought a blessing upon her, and she did not, in such cases, entertain any doubts as to the good resulting from the almsgiving.

On one subject only did the girls differ materially in opinion—this, as may be supposed, was religion. Mr. Seaford, the reader is aware, inclined to the free-thinking principles of the day. The restraint exercised over him in youth, particularly as regarded the rigid observance of the Sabbath, when all general reading was excluded, had so chafed his proud spirit that, like the enforced reading of the Bible in the public schools, it resulted in his gradually losing reverence for the sacred volume, and receiving its teachings with a rebellious spirit, determined to disbelieve whatever he did not understand. Yet he would not have his daughter cast on the shallows of doubt, in which he was himself floundering; hence he eschewed all conversation on religious topics, in

the presence of Laura, satisfied that she believed and practiced the principles of Christianity, which he considered essential to the happiness of some temperaments, and to the morality of the masses. Pride forbade the *utterance* of a vain sentiment, but in the depth of his soul he thought, "Those who possess *my* principles of honor and firmness of purpose, can shake off the restraints which religion would try to impose on the conscience." Subsequent events may test the strength of this bulwark of pride, when assailed by man's insidious foe, temptation.

Laura was a member of the Episcopal church, but, like many Protestants, she attended any place of worship that suited her convenience, or taste for variety. Miss Seaford did not share the fears of some good people, as to the danger of listening to a priest—she could have encountered even a Jesuit, without going into hysterics, an instance of fortitude some writers of our day would do well to copy—and at her own desire she had sometimes accompanied Alice to the Holy Cross Cathedral, where she was greatly impressed by the manifest devotion of the congregation, and the rapt attention with which rich and poor alike followed the service.

It was also a matter of surprise to see the laborer and his wife, whose garments bespoke pinching poverty, and a hard struggle for daily bread, kneeling at communion beside one who was evidently a favored child of fortune, the same expression of reverence on the faces of both, as the Sacred Host touched their lips; the same serene satisfaction visible in their demeanor, as they returned to their places. Wealth and poverty met here on equal ground; and the poorly-clad seamstress felt no sense of abasement as she advanced to the altar with the richly-attired lady, who knew that though it was fitting she should array herself decorously to meet the Divine bridegroom, nevertheless, all pride of heart should be laid aside, else the humble seamstress would find favor, when she would be ignominiously rejected.

Something of this Laura comprehended, as she observed the communicants at the Church of the Holy Cross, and remembered that no considerations of dress, no inclemency of weather, prevented the Catholic servants in her father's house from going to mass on Sundays, whilst the non-Catholic ones, like some of her fashionable friends, made their

attendance at public worship depend on the style of their costumes, and their particular inclinations. Even in her own case—here conscience gave an admonitory knock—such considerations had occasionally exercised an influence.

Her intercourse with Alice disabused Laura's mind of those erroneous opinions regarding Catholicity, which many well-meaning people adopt from the nursery tales furnished by the Harpers and Lawrences of every age, beginning with the first century of Christianity, when the sacrifice of the Mass was represented as a sacrifice of human victims! The sensational stories of modern scribblers, concerning "escaped nuns" and "monastic prisons," differ from the pagan inventions in requiring an amount of credulity which well-informed people in this era of the world will hardly accord, though some are found who take the concoction with a simple trust, most astonishing in our age of inquiry.

Laura Seaford was not a Catholico-phobist. Her mind was too candid to entertain prejudice; and though her ideas on dogma were very confused, she was never afraid to ask for information, nor unwilling to listen to the explanation of whatever she did

not understand. Here again she differed from certain literary "lights," who first draw up articles of religion which they call "the teachings of the Roman church," and then assail their own creations with withering sarcasm and fierce denunciation—their admiring friends applauding the while, and proclaiming the mimic fight "an onslaught on the Papacy."

The morning on which our chapter opens was the Feast of the Annunciation, and after a few minutes spent in the usual chit-chat, Alice, looking at her watch, observed—"It is time to get ready for church. Do you feel in a devout mood to-day, Laura?"

"You are surely not going out in this gloomy weather, cousin Alice. We cannot have the carriage, as Louis is disabled; and see—it is beginning to rain already."

"Then I must go armed with that special abomination of mine, an umbrella."

"Why not offer up your prayers at home?"

"Because it is incumbent on Catholics to worship God by sacrifice. This was done in the Old Law, as well as by the apostles and their successors, down to the present day."

“But why need you go to church this morning? It is not Sunday.”

“No, Laura; but it is a day we are commanded to keep holy by ecclesiastical ordinance, in honor of the Saviour’s incarnation.”

“Yet the Bible commands us to keep only the Sabbath day holy.”

“And the Catholic Church alone *insists* on the observance of this command, by requiring her children, under pain of sin, to attend public worship on Sunday, unless there be some unavoidable cause of absence. But you surely do not think we would displease God by devoting some additional time to His service, or that He intended men to forget Him during six days of the week? In former times, as you are aware, king, noble, and servitor knelt down together at early morning in humble acknowledgment of their dependence on the great Creator of the Universe; now there are thousands in Christian countries who worship only Mammon, and recognize no Being superior to themselves. Disobedience to the authority of the Church has resulted in this.”

“So far it certainly cannot be called a change for the better. But you seem to make ecclesiastical

rules as binding as the Ten Commandments."

"Not so. The Church can, and does, change her edicts to suit particular circumstances; but the laws of God are equally binding on all, and no dispensation from them is ever given. We have this exemplified in the Mosaic Law. Three codes were drawn up for the Jews on Mount Sinai—Moral, Civil, and Ceremonial; but only the Moral Law was intended for all times and all nations, though the Civil Law continued in force so long as the Jews were a separate nation, and the Ceremonial Law was binding until the Savior established a Church in which the figures of the Old Law gave place to the true sacrifice of the Cross."

"Then you imply that the essential points of your religion never change; yet the Popes have made new dogmas."

"Not made—only defined them. They had before existed as truths, but until their meaning was disputed, there was no necessity to pronounce on them. New points of law will arise in civil communities on which the Supreme Court will decide; but the points at issue are merely formulated, not brought into existence, by the judges."

Here a servant came to say Mr. Seaford desired his daughter's presence in the library; so Alice withdrew to prepare for church, whilst Laura proceeded to her father's sanctum, wondering a little what important matter required her presence, for the merchant was very rarely seen by his household during the hours intervening between breakfast and their late dinner.

After Mass Alice had to attend to some details regarding a Fancy Fair that was to be held the following week, for the benefit of the orphanage, so there was barely time to make her evening toilet when she returned home. On descending to the drawing-room, she found her uncle conversing with a gentleman whom she had not seen before at the Seaford house. He was introduced to her as Mr. Mark Warren, and Alice thought he changed countenance slightly, as he met her gaze. If so, it may have been a nervous feeling on the gentleman's part, for, just at that moment, the door was opened by Laura, and Mr. Warren hastened to greet the young lady with marked empressement. Our heroine perceived her cousin had already made his acquaintance, though she did not remember to have heard

her speak of him; but further speculation regarding the guest was cut short by the announcement that dinner was served.

Being seated opposite Mr. Mark Warren, Alice could take a deliberate survey of his personnel, and it seemed as though his features were not entirely unfamiliar.

"I have surely seen some one like him," she thought, "either at church, on the street, or at a public assembly"—she could not recall to mind the when, where, or how; yet his face seemed to flit before her memory like a tantalizing phantom conjured up in dreams.

Anticipating our reader's desire to know "what is he like?" we hasten to gratify a very commendable love for knowledge.

Well, the gentleman is like one of Shakespeare's female characters.

"Why?" you say.

Because he looks fat, fair, and forty. Observe, however, that by "*fat*," you must not suppose him to be obese, nor think "*fair*" has reference to color.

No, he is simply fleshy, and appears to be on excellent terms with Dame Nature, Dame Fortune,

and the world in general—a very *fair*-spoken gentleman, too, albeit his hair and mustache are black as the raven's wing.

You give him up for the present. Then *you*, dear reader, are like Alice Desmond, for she also gave up further consideration of the gentleman's individuality, as a topic was started in which every member of society is now interested.

“So Harton and his wife are divorced,” said John Seaford, in reply to a previous observation made by his guest, in which this piece of information came in as a corollary. “This surprises me beyond measure. I thought he was opposed to divorce on principle, and his marriage was thought to be a most happy one.”

“Yes,” was the reply, “but subsequent events showed entire incompatibility of temper, and mutual friends urged the dissolution of a bond that galled both parties; under the circumstances, it may have been the wisest course for them to take.”

“It would seem far wiser if each had tried to bear and forbear. No society can exist, if trifling differences lead to dissolution. We would not have an army, a navy, or a body politic.”

"I quite agree with you. Each of the high contracting parties should endeavor to assimilate in tastes with the other. And when one of them possesses gentle manners and refined feelings, assimilation should be a pleasing duty." This was said with a glance at Laura. "But do you not think the attitude of the Roman Church too conservative on the subject of divorce?"

The question put thus made John Seaford hesitate for a moment. He believed the divorce laws would gradually undermine society, but he was not quite willing to say, "The Catholic Church is *not* too conservative in this matter." He therefore parried the point.

"A case may certainly arise, when mutual happiness would call for a dissolution of the marriage tie."

The guest bowed assent.

"But I do not approve of the laxity on this point which pervades society at the present day," continued the host; "it is fraught with evil, and pagan as well as Christian moralists condemned it."

"Nevertheless," objected Warren, "some of the greatest amongst them approved of and practised it

—Cæsar and Cicero, as well as Henry the Eighth and Luther.”

“And in each case I consider it left a blot on the character. His double divorce presents the ambition of Cæsar in its worst light; and the student’s admiration for the greatest of orators, receives a chill, when he learns that the father of his country repudiated his first wife to marry a wealthy woman. Henry the Eighth’s conduct towards Catherine of Aragon has left posterity a perfect type of womanhood, and a revolting example of man’s tyranny and wrong-doing. As to Luther, I could never understand why his conscience should revolt against acknowledging the authority of the Pope, and yet allow him to sanction bigamy in the Elector of Hesse.”

At this point Mr. Mark Warren laid down his knife and fork, and with a grave expression put in.

“My dear sir, remember how Luther showed up Romish superstition in the matter of indulgences; for that alone you will acknowledge him to be a great reformer. What monstrous presumption in the Latin Church to teach that sin could be forgiven by buying an indulgence! What inconceivable

folly in its members to give credence to such doctrine! It is really deplorable ignorance, when one comes to think of it;" and the gentleman turned his eyes to the ceiling, as if deprecating the vengeance of Heaven from such transgressors.

John Seaford looked at his niece. He was too well-informed to be duped by the stereotyped slanders against Catholicity, in which little minds love to indulge; not caring, and often not knowing, that they have been refuted over and over again. Hence the merchant awaited the rejoinder he expected Alice would give, and our heroine thus put the extinguisher on the worthy guest's blaze of righteous indignation.

"Mr. Warren, I should like to know when the Catholic Church taught that sin could be forgiven by indulgences, and may I ask if you ever met a Catholic who believed it!"

"My dear young lady, it is a well-known fact that such is the doctrine of the Roman Church, and I think we may assume it to be the belief of all who acknowledge the Pope's authority."

"Pardon me, sir; it is very often found that presumed facts are absolute fictions. Such, I assure

you, is the case with regard to your opinion on indulgences and Catholic belief on this point of faith."

"Then I would like to be posted on the question at issue." This was said with the air of one who would intimate a generous willingness to hear whatever might be urged in defence of a manifest error.

"In the interests of religion and common sense, Mr. Warren, I am happy to inform you, the Catholic Church has always taught that contrition and a purpose of amendment can alone obtain forgiveness of sin, and such is the belief of all Catholics."

"May I inquire your reason for thinking so?"

"Because I am myself a member of the Catholic Church, and have been fully instructed in its tenets."

Mr. Warren was evidently taken aback. Not imagining a member of John Seaford's family could be a "Romanist," he had counted on figuring as a shining light, religiously and argumentatively, by an onslaught on the Papacy and the Jesuits. These latter he was prepared to demolish with a cannonade of newspaper shot and shell, labeled by the fabricator, "Jesuit conspiracy against freedom of thought," and "Jesuit conspiracy against the government." He now saw all points of attack would be vigorously

defended, and proofs required for every assertion, so he prudently changed tactics.

“I must admit I have been under misapprehension on this subject, Miss Desmond; but what then do indulgences avail?”

“In merely remitting the temporal punishment due to sin after the offence is condoned. We know the forgiveness granted to David, on his repentance, was accompanied with a penalty; this penalty is remitted by an indulgence which can be obtained by prayer and alms-deeds. An example from everyday life will illustrate this. A person condemned to death for high treason may receive pardon, though his person and effects remain under attainder; but this penalty, due to justice, may be afterwards remitted on account of meritorious service. So with the sinner who is a traitor to Divine Justice. However heinous the crime, a merciful Power will always receive the true penitent into favor; but the offender should give evidence of his contrition. This evidence consists in prayers and good works, which, being offered up in communion with the body of the faithful, have still greater efficacy, and

when worthily performed, they merit what is called an indulgence."

"Your attack on indulgences has been a windmill encounter, Warren," put in the host, "and it hardly proves your argument for Luther."

"I always yield in favor of a lady," smiled the guest, with a polite wave of the hand.

"It is good policy when the position is untenable."

"I see you deprive me of the merit of my intentions, and that is hardly fair, as I did not use any of my artillery against the abuses which prevailed in the beginning of the sixteenth century."

"I suppose the Catholic Church, like all societies, has had worthless agents and disobedient subjects, but it is not just to make her responsible for misdeeds she never sanctioned; and it appears the Council of Lateran condemned all the abuses you speak of. Besides, as I understand the question, such abuses were only in discipline, and did not affect dogma."

"Thanks, uncle John," said Alice; "you have put the matter in a perfectly Catholic light."

"And I have to tender my acknowledgments for the light thrown on the subject," said the guest,

with an air of frankness and good humor. "But Miss Laura has not allowed us to hear the music of her voice in this discussion," he continued, turning to the young lady; "and this is to be regretted, as we should then have melody and perfect harmony combined."

Laura made a brief reply to the compliment, and the conversation assumed a general turn.

Mr. Warren passed the evening in the drawing-room, where he made strenuous efforts to render himself agreeable. Laura received his attentions politely, but with an air of constraint, the more so when she observed her father's eye directed toward the window, where the guest poured forth his compliments in abundant profusion.

At length he took leave, and Mr. Seaford retired to the library.

"I fear you are not well, Laura," said Alice, noticing a weary look on her cousin's usually bright face.

"Come to my room, Alice," was the reply; "I have something to tell you."

On gaining her chamber, Laura locked the door,

and, throwing herself on a lounge, gave way to an uncontrollable fit of weeping.

‘What is the matter, dear Laura? You looked quite depressed all the evening.’

“The thought is torture. What will Frank Rood say to it?”

“I do not understand you.”

“I forgot that you know nothing about it yet. You would never imagine what papa wanted me for to-day.”

“It must have been something interesting, else he would not have summoned you at that hour.”

“I thought so at the time, and at first anticipated an agreeable surprise; but I felt a nervous dread of impending evil, when he desired me to be seated, as he had a matter of importance to communicate.”

“For yourself alone?”

“It concerned another, also, but there is no secret about it.”

“Then tell me, quickly, Laura. I hope it will bring no trouble to you.”

“Trouble! Alice, how did you like Mr. Warren?”

“I did not form a very high opinion of him. But you are wandering from the subject.”

“No—*he* is the subject. Fancy my being united to him.”

“Laura! What do you mean? You surely are not engaged to Mr. Warren?”

“No, thank Heaven; but papa told me he had strong reasons for favoring his suit—he knew him to be a man of worth, in high esteem for business capacity, and he had rendered efficient service to the firm. A chill came over me as papa said this, not so much on account of the words, as the manner in which they were uttered.”

“But how did you come to know Mr. Warren? I never heard of him before.”

“He has had business relations with the firm for several years, and dined here on one occasion before you came. A few months since I met him casually, but he was changed so much in appearance, that I did not recognize him until he claimed acquaintance. Some people have a disagreeably retentive memory,” added Laura, with palpable intent to aim her shaft at a particular individual of the species.

“Well, dear Laura, why not frankly tell your

father the objection you entertain to an alliance with Mr. Warren? ’

“Papa appears to have already decided the question in his own mind, and you know how determined he is when he resolves on anything. Oh, Alice! what shall I do?”

Alice could give no advice; she was struck dumb for the moment. She dared not counsel Laura to disobey her father, yet she shuddered at the thought of her generous, noble-minded cousin being united to a man for whom she could entertain no feeling of regard. The two girls had no secrets from each other. Laura knew that a certain Gerald Barry had spoken words of love to Alice, which were not yet forgotten; and she had in turn taken our heroine into confidence, regarding the preference which a Mr. Frank Rood expressed for brunettes in general, and her style of beauty in particular.

“Of course I can’t marry him, Alice, without pa’s consent ” she remarked, one day, in reply to an impeachment on the part of her cousin; “and pa would not be likely to consent at present, for Frank is only building up practice as a dentist, therefore we both avoid discussion as to the future; but if Frank

should succeed, as he expects to do, then who knows—but sufficient for the day is the uncertainty thereof.”

All this now recurred to our heroine's mind, paralyzing her powers of speech. But Laura was again weeping, and this aroused Alice. Drawing her cousin to her in an affectionate embrace, she kissed the soft cheek wet with tears, and whispered words of comfort. Laura gradually became calmer; hope revived a little; and when they separated for the night the cousins felt that a new link was added to the chain which had before bound them to each other.

It was long before sleep visited the eyelids of either that night. Laura took mental photographs of Frank Rood with every variety of expression—surprise, entreaty, anger, and stoical indifference; and Mr. Mark Warren's face loomed up before Alice's vision in spite of all her efforts to banish it. Was it possible she had met him before, and where? It must have been on the street, and yet it was not likely a mere passer-by would have left such an impression on her memory. Warren! Warren! Stay—could it be possible? Yes, it must be he—the

man Captain Semmes called Guerenne, giving the French name an English accent. She remembered him now. He was slighter in appearance when she first saw him, and had only a light mustache, but he was surely the same man she saw lying insensible on the deck of the Vulture, and who afterwards showed so marked an interest in the young Frenchwoman. Who was she whom he had addressed as Julie? What had happened her? Could he have remembered herself, and if so, why did he not speak of his having been on board the Vulture with her? Should she mention this to her uncle and Laura? She believed her surmise to be true, yet it might be only an accidental resemblance.

“He *is* like the man I saw on board the Vulture,” was her last thought ere sleep descended on her senses. And now, reader, if *you* cannot find a better answer to the question, “What is he like?” we shall consider our heroine in possession of the situation, and retire from the field of conjecture until further developments arise.

CHAPTER XI.

OLD ACQUAINTANCES MEET.

Of Gerald's life in college but little can or need be said. He worked earnestly and conscientiously, and he worked with a motive; but to him, like many others, teaching proved too irksome, too monotonous, and he longed for a profession which would afford a greater incentive to his ambitious aspirations, and enable him more speedily to open the world's oyster. This profession, medicine, he had already chosen, and had diligently studied its preparatory branches during his two years of college life. These expired, we find him one morning declining a re-engagement with the President, who had been attracted by the young Irishman's gentlemanly manners and sound scholarship.

"I am very sorry to lose your services, Mr. Barry," remarked the worthy old gentleman, "and would be willing to retain them at a higher figure than your last year's salary. But I see you are bent

on pursuing a new profession. Well, it's a worthy one, and I wish you success. You may change your mind yet, though; and should you do so within a month, please let me know, and I'll still consider you a member of our corps. Do you go to New York straightway?"

"No, sir; I got a letter on yesterday from an old friend and classmate of mine, and I intend paying him and Boston a visit."

"Good-bye, then. Safe journey, and write if you change your mind."

And thus it is that on the following evening we find the two chums shaking hands frantically, "dear-old-boying" one another, and listen to Frank Rood's enthusiastic rendering of "And doth not a meeting like this make amends," etc., etc.

"But here, have a weed, Gerald," said Frank, after the first ebullitions of joy had passed. "What a lucky thing it was that I found you were at the college. You got my letter?"

"Yes, and as I was leaving the day after I received it, I thought I would announce my own arrival. But how did you learn that I was in the college?"

“While pulling a canine out of a young shaver’s jaw, he was frightened at sight of my tools and began whimpering, ‘Ma, I don’t feel it ache at all, now!’ To distract his attention I began chatting with him about his college and professors; hence my letter. But say, I have told you how that graceless dog, Frank Rood, drew all his paternal moneys through love of drawing champagne corks, and after being drawn by want of the pecunia to emigrate to the States, has finally settled down to drawing teeth. And now draw your chair closer, and let us hear how ye worthy and accomplished Gerald Barry got into these waters.”

Barry related the adventures that had befallen him since their correspondence had ceased.

“And how do you like your role of high priest in the Diamastigosian festival?” asked his friend, lazily puffing out rings of smoke.

“I do not like it at all; I most decidedly think it a ‘task,’ but by no means a ‘delightful’ one. So disgusted am I with teaching that I have seriously resolved on quitting it——”

“Qui fit, Mæcenas,” murmured Frank.

“And studying medicine.”

"Ah! not caring to minister to minds diseased, you will turn your attention to bodies. Well perhaps you could do worse," responded Frank. "When and where will you hang out your shingle?"

"How can I tell? I have first to get my diploma."

"Diploma! My dear fellow, in this part of the world diplomas are played out. Get a dispensatory, a volume on therapeutics, another on surgery, and a sign with 'Gerald Barry, Physician and Surgeon,' on it; procure an office, and gain experience by practice."

Gerald laughed. "What would become of my patients while I was gaining experience after your fashion?" said he.

"Have you never heard what the ancient worthy, Nicocles, said? That physicians were the happiest dogs in the world, seeing that light published their good deeds, while the earth hid all their bad ones. Poets may be mad, but that fellow must have been lucid when he uttered such an apothegm."

"But to convict you from the mouth of another ancient, 'Men's evil deeds live after them'."

"No matter, so long as they do not live *with*

them Besides, those are the words of a madman who lost a kingdom for a petticoat."

"That was an after-delusion."

"Which goes to prove he was slightly non compos when haranguing the Romans."

"But have you not got a diploma, Frank?"

"Certainly; there it is," pointing to a framed document hanging conspicuously on the wall.

"Why," said Barry, inspecting it; "this is your Trinity Dip. for A. B.!"

"What if it is? If inquiries be made, which never are, I will refer questions to this, which, being all Greek—or rather Latin—to them, satisfies effectually."

"Shades of Galen——"

"And Hippocrates!" broke in Rood, joining heartily in Gerald's laughter. "What modern cares a continental for the shades of the Siamese twins of ancient physic? By the way, I have serious doubts as to applying the epithet 'shade' to the man of Pergamus. One Doctor Cowan passed through here some days ago, professing to cure back ache, heart-ache, ear-ache, head-ache, et h-ache genera omnia, by means of certain drugs and decoctions. On asking

him if he, like Galen, had been forced to travel for information on the virtues of herbs, he replied, 'Galen, sir! Galen! I know him. D—d quack, sir! gets all his practice by advertising!' Seriously speaking," resumed Frank, "it is shameful to find the country flooded with Sangrados. I see you smile at my candor, but I flatter myself that I can now draw an eye-tooth and make a set of artificial grinders in a reputable manner, and consequently do not include myself in the list."

"And to what do you attribute such a state of things?" queried Gerald.

"To a great many things; to the toleration of empirics, the encouragement of patent medicines, the sale of diplomas, the low standard for admission and graduation in medical schools, the existence of too many one-horse medical colleges, and the disposition manifested by professors in the really good ones to extort money for teaching any specialty. In no other—to be continued, for there's the last bell for supper; so let us trot down stairs."

"Frank," said his friend, that evening, while indulging in some of his host's sherry, and testing one

of his much-lauded meerschaums, "why do you not get married?"

"The good Daphnis loves his ease," was the reply.

"So I see." Frank had leant back in his chair, extended his long legs till they found a harbor of refuge on the table, and, with a meerschaum between his lips, looked "the good Daphnis" all over.

"But does matrimony run counter to ease?" pursued Gerald.

"What does the old Scandinavian say:

"From women oft does sorrow spring:
Much evil do they bear,
Though fashioned purely fair,
And chased by Heaven's Almighty King!"

"And what does Frank Rood say?"

"To your second question, he refers you to Mrs. Caudle's curtain lectures; respecting the first, he is a staunch supporter of the maxim of Pythagoras, that many things, especially love, are best learned late."

"And are there no blondes or brunettes in your neighborhood?"

"Plenty of them. I will introduce you to as lovely a blonde, and as captivating a brunette, as ever breathed."

“Thanks. But has no daughter of Eve, in Boston or elsewhere, taught my dentist friend the royal road to love?”

“Alas, no! I am the veriest dunce existing at learning the rudiments of the *ars amoris*. If you open a lyceum here, Gerald, and teach the accomplishment, I promise to become a pupil, however unpromising.”

“Agreed, provided you insure the attendance of the lovely blonde——”

“And captivating brunette? So be it. To-morrow evening you will have the opportunity of personally soliciting their patronage, and may take the liberty of naming me sponsor for your character and attainments.”

“And may I ask the names of my pupils?” lazily inquired Barry.

“Of course. Let us call the roll. ‘Francis Rood!’ Present. And here allow me to remark, my very noble and approved good master, that the ‘tender thought,’ the ‘young idea,’ and the ‘youthful mind’ are mine; thine be the pleasing task to rear the one, to make the second shoot, and pour fresh instruction o’er the third.”

“Good! I accept martyrdom,” said Gerald, with a smile.

“And now for the name of pupil number two; the brunette, for instance?”

“Laura Seaford.”

“Laura Seaford!” cried Barry, with a start.

“Absent, professor; but I drink her health,” remarked his friend, who had gone in search of his tobacco pouch, and now again resumed his indolent position.

“Seaford! Seaford!” repeated Gerald, becoming visibly agitated, as his memory went back three years, with a sudden stride. “And you are well acquainted with her family? Do you happen to know if she has a friend—a relative, called Alice Desmond?”

“Do I? My dear fellow, you’ve just named pupil number three—the lovely blonde.”

“Alice Desmond here!” exclaimed Barry, in amazement.

“Not *here*, my worthy dominie; she, too, is unavoidably absent, but a hack would transport you to her in less than ten minutes. How is this, though?” resumed Frank, himself somewhat surprised. “You

appear acquainted with all three of your future pupils—with one of them particularly so, I must say,” added he, mischievously.

“And her mother, Mrs. Desmond? Is she here, too?” queried Gerald, disregarding his friend’s question.

“No; Mrs. Desmond died nearly three years ago. She was always delicate, I have heard, and the voyage over the Atlantic proved too much for her system. But again, I ask you, how is this, Gerald? You seem to have fallen on a nest of acquaintances, and, as yet, I’m in downright ignorance. Come, fill up your glass, and have no secrets from your alter ego.”

But little had been said in the correspondence between the two friends regarding the domestic habits and life of Gerald, and if the name of Desmond had ever occurred to Rood, it was associated with naught but a clever classical scholar who had prepared Barry for college. Now, then, for the first time, he heard the details of the Professor’s paternal interest in his friend, the motherly love of Mrs. Desmond, and the daily companionship between him and her daughter. Gerald said nothing,

even now, regarding his love for Alice, or his proposal for her hand. He probably had his own reasons for not doing so, though he could not well define them; but Frank, while forbearing to press the question, made a shrewd guess how hard his friend was hit.

“And you never heard from them since they sailed?” asked he.

“No,” replied Gerald; “Mrs. Desmond promised to write, but she never did.”

“I think that can be accounted for, since she died in New York a few days after her arrival.”

Gerald asked himself, mentally, “Why did not Alice write?”

“Is she much changed?” said he aloud, after a pause.

Frank laughed merrily. “My dear boy,” said he, “you forget that *I* never had the pleasure of translating Latin odes or Greek hexameters with the lady, and that my acquaintance dates back but a year or so. But so far as good looks, a sweet temper, and a loving disposition go, I don’t believe there can be any deterioration.”

“And she has lived with her uncle ever since?”

What kind of person is Mr. Seaford? What does he do?"

"John Seaford, sir, is accounted a thorough business man, and deals extensively in the wine trade. He is well read, too, and there are very few topics on which he cannot discourse cleverly when so minded. In short, his wealth, pride, and education could satisfy the most fastidious of the upper tennetdom in New York, Washington, and Boston. Nevertheless, he is not a favorite of mine."

"Why?"

"Oh, I can hardly say. Perhaps it is that he differs so much from others of his class in not assuming too much on his money, boasting over much on his ancestors, and not perpetually airing his knowledge. You can't fathom him. He will listen attentively to your talk for half an hour on a topic, and at the end a remark will drop from him which shows that he understands the subject more thoroughly than yourself."

"Queer reasons for dislike!" said his friend, smiling.

"I didn't say I *dis*-liked; but, but—I don't like him, all the same. He is too cold, too grave,

too set in his judgments to please me. I like to hear reasons for a person's saying or doing so and so. John Seaford seldom gives a reason for his actions or his opinions. But come, Gerald, we have talked quite enough about our neighbors, and you must feel rather tired. Take up that light and I'll show you your room."

Tired though Gerald Barry was, sleep did not visit his eyes for several hours that night. When it did come, he was wandering in dreamland, with Alice Desmond for his companion.

Had Frank Rood seen John Seaford that same evening, he would have had but little reason to call him cold or grave. The merchant was in his library, pacing the room steadily back and forth, his hands tightly clasped behind his back, and his features exhibiting more of agitation than he could be credited with by his acquaintances.

Back and forth, back and forth he went; while seated near the center table, his face partly hidden by his hand, was a gentleman whom the reader already knows as Mr. Mark Warren.

John Seaford at length stopped opposite his companion and said, "But in such a crisis as this, Mark,

do you not know that the withdrawal of your money from the business means ruin—utter ruin for me?”

“I trust not, sir; and——”

“You trust not!” interrupted the merchant.

“But still, you know well it does. Tourjee’s note is due this week, Germaine’s next, while Breiss and Kupper and the other German houses will have to be met in a month. Where under heaven will the money come from if you withdraw now?”

“But really, sir,” said Mr. Warren in a tone of expostulation, “I cannot see how my ruin would benefit you any.”

“*Your* ruin! What are you dreaming about, Warren? Are you not aware that in three months the acceptances on Campbell, Reynolds, Hutchins, and some half dozen others will be due—more than sufficient to cover the amount of our present liabilities? You know this well, and for the life of me, I cannot conjecture your motives in acting as you propose. It is hardly fair on your part,” added the merchant, bitterly, “to kick away the foundation from a house that has built you up. It certainly is most strange from one who but lately solicited my daughter’s hand.”

This last sentence was accompanied by a hardly repressed sneer.

"Very true," remarked Warren, calmly; "and were I only sure of the alliance, I would risk all."

"Risk!" broke out Mr. Seaford, impatiently. "I tell you there is none. If there were, sir, do you suppose I would be mean enough to drag down another with myself; or weak enough to prolong my credit by some trifling delay? But," and here he sat down opposite his guest, "but you speak of Laura as if I had not sanctioned your proposal?"

"The young lady herself does not appear equally well inclined," replied Mr. Warren, meditatively.

"The young lady herself has been in the habit of following her father's wishes hitherto, sir; and I see no reason for expecting disobedience from her now. You have not as yet proposed to her?"

"No," said Mr. Mark, rather grimly; "one can't well propose to a girl that looks coldly on you, and talks with an evident desire to hear you say 'good-by.'"

"Nonsense! the girl is young and not accustomed to enamored wooers," replied John Seaford, peevishly.

"Are you so certain on that point?" inquired the other with emphasis.

"Certain on what?"

"That I am the only enamored wooer Laura has?"

"Whom else, then?"

"I can't say—I don't know exactly, but it seems as if Miss Seaford experienced less uneasiness in Mr. Rood's presence than in mine."

"Excuse me if I think you mad," replied the merchant, sternly. "The gentleman, like my lawyer and my doctor, visits her more from professional courtesy than anything else. My daughter's position in life, her tastes and sentiments are so incompatible with—but, pshaw! the supposition is simply ridiculous. One word for all: when Laura Seaford marries, she marries with her father's consent, and that consent only a man of worth and integrity can obtain. Are you satisfied?"

"Yes, sir, fully so," replied Warren, whose face had brightened considerably during the merchant's speech.

"And now, Mark, regarding those notes?"

"They can be met, sir, for my money remains

where it is at present. You have shown me there is no risk. Even if there were——” and while saying good-night, an impressive clasp of his hand on that of Mr. Seaford’s concluded the sentence.

“I know better than yourself that my money is quite safe for the present,” thought Mark Warren, as he walked to his hotel. “Difficulties may come, though; Campbell, and some other houses, are shaky, and may burst any day. If they do, I wonder whether I would be so easily convinced by John Seaford’s logic, or so much inclined to wed John Seaford’s daughter?”

CHAPTER XII.

FRANK ROOD LEARNS THE "ART OF LOVE," AND
SEEKS THE "REMEDY."

Next evening saw our two friends ushered into the parlor, where sat Laura and Alice, the two latter enjoying those aids to the "far niente," rocking-chairs, and indulging in occasional purs of conversation.

"Good evening, ladies," said Frank, as he entered the room, Gerald following close behind. "Miss Desmond, allow me to introduce to you an old friend of mine, a still older one of yours—Mr. Gerald Barry."

"Gerald!" exclaimed Alice, starting from her chair, and her hands raised to her bosom to still its palpitations.

"Gerald!" How thankful she was that the room had not yet been lighted.

"Gerald indeed it is, Alice," said our hero, ad-

vancing and taking her hand; "and rejoiced at the good fortune which enables him to see you again."

"Miss Seaford—Mr. Barry."

Between the bowing and the usual remarks on either side, Alice had time to compose herself somewhat, and when she resumed her seat, no tell-tale flush or tremor of voice was apparent. Some general conversation followed, which was soon cut short by Laura's saying, "Mr. Rood, I want to have your opinion on a pretty book of engravings which I've got; besides," with a smile, "I know that Mr. Barry and Alice are longing to hear each other's adventures by flood and field, since last they parted."

And so, nothing loth, Frank followed her to the other end of the room, while Barry took a seat on the lounge, near Alice.

"Oh, Gerald! I am so glad to see you! I almost thought we would never again meet!"

"I hope the wish was not father to the thought," replied he, with a smile.

"I feel inclined to punish you for the remark by saying 'yes'; however, I'll be candid, and say it was not. But come, I *am* longing, as Laura said, to hear all about you since the Vulture separated us."

Gerald told his story—his failure in getting on the Civil Service, his disappointment and ennui, his dejection at receiving no account of Alice——

“You’ve heard ——” said his fair companion, softly, and interrupting him by placing her hand on his arm.

“Yes,” answered Gerald, kindly; “but not till Frank told me last evening. How deeply you must have suffered, Alice, and how much I wronged you both in supposing that the pleasures of the world only had caused your silence!”

“But I did write, Gerald,” said Alice.

“You did?”

“Yes; I wrote to Father Walsh about three months after my arrival, and requested him to acquaint you of mother’s death.”

“Ah! that accounts for it. I was in the States about that time; and poor Father Walsh, I’m afraid, never got your letter, since I heard that shortly after my leaving Ireland he caught typhoid fever and died in a week.”

“O dear Father Walsh!” murmured Alice. “And he was so kind, so good to me—to all!”

“True, indeed; and it was in the discharge of his

duties that he died, for he caught the fever while administering the sacraments to one of his flock."

"And now, Alice," said Gerald, when he had finished his narrative, "tell me how you have fared."

"Your friend, Mr. Rood, has already told you the only incident in my life worth relating since we parted."

"But you are happy?" asked Barry, anxiously.

"Yes, indeed; far more so, perhaps, than what I deserve. My uncle has been very kind, and Laura—Laura, Gerald, is all I could desire, even in a sister."

Laura now came forward, saying, "There, you two have had ample time to entertain each other. We must now enlist both for the general good. Mr. Rood tells me that Mr. Barry has a good baritone voice, and Alice's alto, with my soprano, is beginning to need a variety. What say you?"

And this was the beginning of a few very happy weeks for our four acquaintances. The gentlemen were constant visitors at Mr. Seaford's, and those were halcyon evenings, when Frank, with his violin, accompanied Laura on the piano, while Alice and Gerald sang delicious little morsels from their

favorite operas. Mr. Seaford was not an unfrequent listener, since he loved music, and liked to discuss with Barry the scientific questions of the day, particularly the accordance of Genesis with geology. Mr. Mark Warren also was an occasional evening visitor; but as his knowledge of, or taste for Genesis, geology, or the chromatic scale was very meagre, he contented himself with endeavoring to absorb Laura's attention and conversation between the musical pauses. She listened to him calmly enough, but always contrived quietly to change the current of his observations whenever he put himself forward in the character of an amorous wooer.

Frank Rood had laughingly asserted to Barry that he was heart-whole; this may have been so, but certain it is that he snapped a violin string each evening that Mr. Warren was present. When Gerald twitted him with the fact, however, he retorted by maliciously inquiring if Barry was to become teacher or pupil in the lyceum, and broke out into peals of merriment, when his friend insisted that he was still sane enough to conduct the institution.

And did Gerald love Alice still? We too would burst into cachinnation at his denial; but he never declared it. He may have felt it, looked it, smiled it; yet he never spoke it. Why should he? Of course, he often found it hard to resist the winning beauty of her face, and to restrain the rapid pulsations of his heart if one of those fair ringlets but touched his cheek as she bent forward to scan the music sheet. Sometimes did he mentally shower aught but benisons on Frank and Laura for being present; oftener, however, did he bless them for preventing what he felt would be rank folly on his part. "What business has a poor devil like me," used he soliloquize of nights, "with hardly sufficient money to defray the expenses of my medical course, to entail struggling poverty and wretched respectability on any one? If I only had—if! Humph!"

One evening they had assembled in the drawing-room, and collected round the piano. The afternoon had been a merry one to all, for they had been out on that most delightful of excursions, a berrying party. Frank, as a Roland, to some pleasantry of Gerald's on him, had told the two girls about the lyceum, and expatiated in a most extravagant style

on his friend's fitness for teaching the "*ars et remedium amoris*." Gerald was bantered most unmercifully, and felt really relieved when Frank walked off to pick berries with Laura, leaving but a single opponent, from whose lips banter on such a topic was delightfully endurable to our hero.

"Now, Fr——Mr. Rood, are you ready?" asked Laura.

Frank screwed his fiddle strings a little higher, gave a few preliminary flourishes with the bow, and off they dashed into the realms of song and music. It might have been fancy on his part, but Gerald thought that, when his gaze rested momentarily on Alice's face, while he sang—

"Though I no more behold thee,
Yet is thy name a spell"—

a faint blush suffused her charming features. Presently Laura and his friend retired to a window, leaving the others discussing the merits of some newly published melodies. "Here is 'Love in a Cottage,'" cried Alice, humming a few bars. "How do you like it?"

"Almost as badly as I do the reality," replied Gerald, laughing.

“Ah! you, I dare say, agree with the Frenchman who compared true love to an apparition, something which everybody speaks of, but very few have seen.”

“You are in justice bound to warn me against saying anything which might hereafter tend to criminate me.”

“Does not that speech sound like a confession of guilt?”

“No; merely an appeal to her who has arrested me,” he answered, looking full at her.

“Poor prisoner!” said Alice, laughing; “it is high time to give the warning to which you have alluded.”

“Suppose that I apply for the Habeas Corpus act?”

“What then?”

“You must assign your reasons for holding me in custody.”

“Prisoner at the bar! do you not confess to being a voluntary captive?” demanded Alice, assuming a mock magisterial tone and attitude.

“Even so, most puissant sovereign.”

“Know, then, that for thy temerity we sentence thee——”

“To the altar,” suggested Gerald.

“Out of thy own mouth, wretch, do we condemn

thee to the halter. For contempt of court, in breaking in on our sentence, we furthermore confiscate thy goods to the amount of two dollars and a half; to show our royal clemency, we will invest a like sum, and with the total purchase a ticket in the 'Grand Union Lottery.' Behold the inducements!" and she picked up one of those pamphlets—common enough at the time—in which prizes ranging from one hundred thousand dollars to a dollar were promised to subscribers.

"Will not your majesty graciously deign to alter your sentence into 'your money *or* your life'?" inquired the condemned "wretch," producing the amount he had been mulcted in.

"In consideration of your youth we will grant you a respite, and if the joint venture prove successful in gaining the mammoth prize, our majesty may find herself in so joyous a mood as to present you with your liberty."

Alice blushed deeply when Gerald whispered in reply—

"If love his captive bind with ties so dear,
How sweet to be in amorous tangles held!"

Next day found Gerald sitting in Frank's office,

smoking a meerschaum and awaiting the return of its master. Rood had proposed to Laura Seaford during the berrying excursion, had received the avowal of her love, and now left Gerald to answer all inquiries from his patients, while he went "to receive the paternal consent and blessing." Though Frank spoke these words lightly, Gerald knew well that his confidence was in a great measure assumed, and that in reality he felt more nervous in having to face Mr. Seaford than he would before a pistol at ten paces' distance. The nervous feeling was no way diminished by Frank's having heard of Warren's suit from Laura's lips.

"Why did you not tell me of this sooner, Laura?" asked he, as they stood, the day before, near a bush loaded with tempting whortleberries.

"How could I?" was the reply. "You know, dear Frank," with a blush, "that *I* did not know you cared so much for me."

"What a story!" said he, gaily. "But no matter, Laura; if there were twenty Mark Warrens, you love only me, and that *must* weigh with your father."

Laura gave a little sigh; but young love soon

brought back the smiles and made the entire day one of unalloyed delight. The morrow brought recollection, however, and scarcely had Frank jumped out of bed when he muttered, "By Jove! I'd as soon have half a dozen molars pulled as face John Seafood to-day!" He has gone on his mission of love, and Gerald, after wishing him success, remains smoking at the windows and watching his friend as he saunters up the street. Let us remain with Gerald and listen to *his* musings.

"Poor devil! he looks uneasy enough in his best clothes, and makes it a point to talk with every passing acquaintance as if he suspected that his destination and object were known. There, he has reached the corner, and, with a furtive glance behind, to make sure that he is not the observed of all observers, he vanishes. I hope he will be successful. How pleasantly will Laura gild his life, and cause him to shudder at the recollection of all the abominations of bachelorhood! How all his wants will be provided for, his pleasures shared, and his cares smoothed! When I obtain my diploma, I must hint my anxiety to see him in married life. We will then have once more our evening concerts, and Alice and

I will sing all our pieces. We would get up berrying parties. Ah! good idea! Of course, I would visit them in the Summer, and while helping Alice to pick berries, could I not follow Frank's example and ask her to make me happy for life? We would have to wait a little while, a year or so, till I could amass a fair share of the world's goods, and give Alice a chance of housekeeping. A year! why it would pass over quickly, and only enable us to know and correct our little faults. *Has* Alice any faults, I wonder? I know that I have a few, and would prefer her not to be immaculate. No; I am afraid that she has not even one failing which I could pride myself on eradicating."

Tobacco! O Tobacco! wondrous magician! We humbly beg pardon for that slap in the face which you received some chapter or so back. No longer do we mock at the eulogy paid thee by a distinguished writer: "He who doth not smoke hath either known no great grief, or refuseth himself the softest consolation next to that which comes from heaven." No longer do we doubt that thou—thou, indeed, art

"The fragrant leaf whose magic balm
Can, like Nepenthe, all our sufferings charm."

Who else, we ask, but thou, as embodied in a meerschäum, could'st have given to Gerald Barry, Alice, a practice worth five thousand dollars a year, a horse and buggy, a house with all the appurtenances of library, pictures, Brussels carpets, and several little cherubs toddling thereon—all these ere Frank Rood's return?

“Hallo!” said Gerald, “you look as if you had come from consulting Trophonius!”

“Ay, and I have heard the oracle,” gloomily replied Frank, throwing himself on a chair.

“Bad luck?”

“Rejected!”

Gerald remained silent, knowing that the explanation would shortly come. Presently Frank began pacing the room, and at length broke out—

“Of all the arrogant old idiots that exist, Seaford bears the palm! Rejected, and without a single valid reason—a reason at all, indeed! What do you think of a man telling me, when I proposed for his daughter's hand, that he declined the honor; and on asking his objections, that he did not feel himself bound to assign any! The supercilious——”

“Did you tell him that Laura loved you?”

“I did; and got for answer, that he did not pretend to control the affections of his daughter, but that, notwithstanding the possibility of the fact which I mentioned, his decision remained unaltered.”

“Did you see Laura?” queried Gerald, after a pause.

“No. On parting, he made a low bow—confound his sneering politeness!—and intimated that it would be better for all further intimacy between me and his family to cease. There, Gerald, do not bother me with any more questions, like a good fellow. Smoke, read, write, do something or other, and let me get over this matter as best I can. I dare say I will be all right in a day or two, and if Crates’ two remedies for love—hunger and time—prove of no avail, I can buy a rope and try the efficacy of his third.”

It was a bitter jest, but his friend was glad to hear him utter anything savoring of his usually humorous disposition. So Gerald followed his request; and after a few days Frank became somewhat like his usual self, save that he avoided all mention of John Seaford and his daughter.

CHAPTER XIII.

LAURA SEAFORD'S DERNIER RESSORT.

About an hour after Frank Rood had left Mr. Seaford's house, Laura issued from her father's library. Her face was deathly pale and her countenance betrayed emotion, the more visible from the violent effort made to restrain it. Having gained her bed-room she stood as if transfixed, white and still as a statue of marble. Suddenly a cold tremor shot upwards through her frame, a something crept to her throat threatening momentary suffocation, and a mortal dizziness seemed to possess her. She involuntarily grasped for support at a table near by. Her hand touched the little bouquet of forget-me-nots which Frank had culled for her the previous day. As her gaze rested upon it, another revulsion took place in her feelings; and a better one, for the dreadful symptoms were dispelled, and with a low moan she sunk on the floor, sobbed hysterically, and kissed

repeatedly the poor flowers, while she murmured, "Frank! Frank!"

And thus, in all the abandonment of grief, did Alice find her cousin.

"Laura! dear Laura!" cried she, sinking beside her, and pillowing the dark tresses next her own brown ones; "what is the matter? What does this mean?"

Seeing her terrible distress, however, she forbore asking further questions till the paroxysm had subsided. When Laura grew calmer, she again questioned her.

"Oh, Alice! Frank—father has forbidden me ever seeing Frank again! What will I do?"

Of course Laura had confided to her cousin the love episode of the preceding day, and Alice was told that Frank would ask Mr. Seaford's consent that morning. She pitied both, and now strove to speak words of encouragement.

"Was uncle very angry, Laura?" asked she.

"No, not in words; but he looked so stern and used such cold, determined language that I wish he were angry. I would have more hope of his relenting. As it is, I feel there is none," and here it

looked as if another hysterical spasm would attack the speaker.

"Tell me what uncle said," said Alice, after a short pause, desiring rather to break the sad silence than to hear words whose import she already divined.

"Have I not already told you?" replied Laura, with some impatience. "If you want his exact words, though," continued she, bitterly, "here they are. Heaven knows they were few enough, and I'm not likely to forget them in a life-time. 'Laura,' said he, 'Mr. Rood has just paid me the honor of soliciting your hand. I have declined. Do you wish to know my reasons? I refused them to him; I now give them to you. One is, that I can never think of *Mr. Rood* as a suitor for *my* daughter; the other is, that you are already engaged to Mark Warren. Mr. Rood, of course, will pay no more visits to my house.' Now, Alice, you know all that I do."

"And did you say nothing, Laura? Did you not try to——"

"Say anything! Try to shake him! It would be useless, and so would you say, Alice, had you but looked at his face and heard his tones. Oh! God help me and pity poor Frank!" and, spite of her

cousin's caresses and soothing words, the tears rained freely.

"But, surely," exclaimed Alice, "he cannot mean that you are engaged to Mr. Warren?"

"Mean! He distinctly said I was. He considers the mere announcement of the fact from him as sufficient to have it accepted so by me. After all," added the girl, with a bitter laugh, "what matters it to whom or how I am engaged since I cannot marry Frank?"

"Laura! Laura! pray, don't speak so," said her cousin, anxiously. "Let us trust that uncle will look more favorably on the matter, and do not abandon hope till further trial. If we could only show him that this Mr. Warren is not the upright and worthy man he believes him to be, he might relent in time towards Frank."

Poor drowning Laura grasped at the straw, and eagerly exclaimed, "Oh, Alice! if we only could! But can you? Do you know anything about the—the wretch?"

Alice sighed inwardly. She saw that she had aroused hopes in her cousin's mind, and trembled at the knowledge of their frailty. But it seemed some-

thing to awake Laura from her utter despondency, and the straw—though but a straw—remained. So she said:

“Yes, dear Laura, I know, or think I know something about the man; but whether your father will view the circumstance in the unfavorable light that I do, is more than I can say. Let us pray God that he may, if I be right. And now I’ll not speak or listen to another word till all traces of tears have vanished.” And to Laura’s repeated inquiries of what it was that she knew about Mark Warren, Alice would only reply, “Time will tell.”

The rest of that day Alice employed chiefly in recalling the scene she had witnessed on board the Vulture, and pondering over the conversation she had heard between the young girl and Mark Warren. That the man *was* Warren she felt thoroughly convinced; and she now carefully went over and weighed every circumstance preparatory to laying the matter before her uncle. The more effectually to recall every act, look and word, and to avoid exaggerating or diminishing aught, she took the trouble of writing down the entire details, from the moment the Vulture had received on board the ship-

wrecked passengers, to the arrival of their vessel in New York. Having conscientiously performed her task, she carefully read it over.

"It does not seem very conclusive, after all," said she, with a sigh. "Circumstantial evidence a lawyer would call it. Such as it is, however, uncle must hear and judge it. Such as it is," added she, after a reflective pause. "I would rather cut off my right hand—both hands, than marry Mark H. Warren. By the way, I wonder what the H. stands for? Hyena, Laura would probably say; hypocrite, would be my opinion."

It was with a nervous fluttering at the heart that Alice entered the library next morning.

"Are you very busy, uncle?" asked she, timidly.

"I am just now; but if you have anything to say, say it," was the not over-gracious response.

"Laura is very miserable, uncle." Alice stammered rather than spoke the words. As Mr. Seaford vouchsafed no reply, she added, in a low voice, "I fear that her affection for Mr. Rood is very strong——"

The merchant's brows contracted, and he seemed as if about to speak. He did not do so, however,

but opened the account-book over which he had been poring, as if he would dismiss both the subject and the speaker.

Alice was resolved, though, so she resumed in somewhat clearer tones, "And I know that her personal dislike for Mr. Warren is equally great."

Mr. Seaford looked up and said, "Alice, you will be good enough to remember that I do not wish to hear one of those names mentioned again. As for Laura's dislike to Mr. Warren, it is about as unreasonable as your own; and you have none."

"But I *do* dislike Mr. Warren, uncle, and I think I can show reasons for doing so."

"Really, Alice," said he, impatiently, "I am quite busy at present, and have no time to listen to——"

"But I beg, uncle, that you will listen to what I've got to say. It is not much, and may serve to undeceive you in the high estimate which you entertain of Mr. Warren."

Alice spoke so entreatingly and earnestly, that John Seaford closed his book once more and leant back resignedly in his chair. Taking this as an assent, Alice proceeded to relate the episode that occurred during her voyage. She dwelt on the

attitude of the woman, her passionate words over the seemingly lifeless body of Guerrin, her joy at his recovery, the evident understanding that existed between the two, and the subsequent conversation between them which she had accidentally overheard.

“And now, uncle,” concluded she, “I would stake my existence that this man who called himself Guerrin, on board the Vulture, is he who now calls himself Mark Warren!”

“And if so, what conclusion do you draw?” asked her uncle.

“The least guilty conclusion I can draw for Mr. Warren is—that this woman was his wife.”

John Seaford smiled. “You conclude from very weak premises, I must say,” remarked he, dryly. “What is your argument but a succession of ‘ifs’? *If* this Madam Julie was Madam Guerrin; *if* this Madam Guerrin was Guerrin’s wife; *if* this Guerrin was Mark Warren——”

“I am sure of that,” interrupted Alice, firmly.

“Well, even should *that* ‘if’ be true, how can you reasonably deduce the likelihoods of the other ‘ifs’? I think, Alice, that your motives for dislike are as

unreasonable as Laura's, and of the two, not quite so fair towards the object of them."

"But will you not at least ask Mr. Warren if he was ever on board the Vulture, and under an assumed name?" said Alice, in dismay, at her failure.

"Well, yes, if you wish it," testily replied her uncle. "Mr. Warren is at present in Philadelphia, and will not return for a week. When he comes back I'll question him. There, now, leave me, for I am very busy."

"Stay!" said he, as Alice was opening the door. "Have you mentioned anything about this to Laura?"

"No, not as yet," replied his niece.

"Keep silent, then, till I have spoken to Mr. Warren. You must see how unfair it would be to excite Laura's prejudices till such time as Mr. Warren can deny or explain away the charge you have brought forward."

This was but just; so Alice assented, and left the room.

The week passed gloomily enough for both girls. Gerald Barry occupied the thoughts of one, Frank

Rood of the other. Mark Warren was thought of by both. The piano lay silent—as silent as Frank’s violin, which reposed in its case near the pedal. Cheerfulness had departed with music. Laura seemed outwardly resigned, and avoided mentioning Frank Rood’s name. But her cheeks lost color, her step its elasticity, and more than once did Alice observe the traces of weeping on her cousin’s face. She had questioned Alice concerning the interview with Mr. Seaford; but, obtaining no definite reply, had ceased, and now apparently took no further interest in the subject.

The week passed by at length, and one morning at breakfast Mr. Seaford spoke.

“Mark returned from Philadelphia yesterday, Laura, and if one can judge from some expensive trinkets he has purchased, you need not complain of business interfering with thoughts of his fiancée. Your cousin here stated some objections against him a week ago, objections which I considered silly even then, and, as I now find, rest for foundation on the simple fact that Mark and a fellow-passenger—a lady—suffered shipwreck together, and were rescued by a passing vessel.”

“And why was he called Mr. Guerrin, then?” asked Alice.

“That is easily enough accounted for. Vessel, captain and crew were all French, and Warren got probably Gallicized in much the same way as we Anglicize Jacques into James, Roi into King, or Pierre into Peter.”

“And the conversation I overheard?”

“Could, as Mr. Warren says, result only from the nervous fancies of a sea-voyage engrafted on a romantic imagination.”

Alice flushed to the temples at the covert insult, and broke out indignantly, “Then, uncle, I must say that——”

“Stop, Alice,” cried Mr. Seaford, sternly; “I have heard quite enough of what, to say the least of it, is but wild conjecture. I have known Mark Warren for years, and have ever found him to be an honest man and an honorable gentleman. As such, Laura, I have accepted him for your hand, and as such he comes here this evening to press an early date for your marriage;” and so saying, the merchant retired with his newspaper to the library.

When the cousins were in their room, five minutes

later, Laura appeared the firmer of the two. True, her face was pale; but her eyes were dry, and John Seaford never wore a more determined look than did his daughter at the moment.

“Alice,” said she, “what does all this mean? You must tell me now.”

Alice commenced her story. Not one word was lost upon her listener, and at its conclusion she rose, exclaiming, “Alice, I believe before Heaven that this woman is Mark Warren’s wife! And now, nothing—nothing can ever prevail on me to marry him.”

She uttered the words wildly, but determinedly, and to Alice’s pleading cry, “But what can we do, Laura?” she said:

“What can I do? Listen!”

She whispered some words into her cousin’s ear.

“Oh, Laura!” cried Alice, entreatingly, “you must not think of such a thing! Have patience yet a while, my dear cousin. No! no! I cannot—cannot listen to you!”

Let us see how the week rolled by with our friends, Gerald and Frank. Apart from Barry’s desire to be in New York some weeks before the

Winter session, Boston no longer possessed any inducements for prolonging his stay. All chance of seeing Alice was out of the question, for he felt that Mr. Seaford's interdict extended to the intimate friend of Frank Rood. Moreover, Frank's reserve on any topic which might serve to introduce Laura's name had increased, and to such an extent that conversation between the two was often of so artificial a nature that both relapsed, by common consent, into silence, and took refuge in their meerschauts. This state of things was not very pleasant; so one Monday evening, in the end of August, Gerald announced his departure for next day, and remained proof against his friend's entreaties to the contrary. Frank appeared rather abstracted next morning at breakfast, and asked by what train the other would leave.

"Two o'clock," answered Gerald.

"I don't know," said Rood, after a pause, "but that I may go to New York myself. I want some instruments that I cannot get here, and a few days' change may benefit me. Would you mind journeying by the eleven P. M. express?" asked he.

"Certainly not, provided you decide on going,"

replied Gerald, heartily glad to get his friend away from the melancholy surroundings, were it even but for a few days.

"I can tell you that before noon;" and off Mr. Rood went once more into a brown study that lasted during the rest of breakfast.

"Well, is it to be or not to be?" asked Gerald, when his friend came to dinner.

"To be. But I shall be very busy during the day, Barry, and I want you to mind office. There are several patients of mine whom I must visit before leaving, so do not be surprised if you see less of me than usual. Have all your luggage ready, and expect a hack here at half-past ten. It may be au revoir till then."

There was something of the old cheery ring in his voice that did Gerald's heart good; and so he remained in the office contentedly enough, catching but occasional glimpses of his friend during the day.

Precisely at the hour named, Frank entered.

"All ready? Give your trunk to the driver then."

The key was turned in the door and they drove to the depot.

"All right, Gerald," said Frank, "we have ten

minutes yet. Step into the waiting-room out of the crush, while I get the tickets and checks," and off he darted. A few minutes more and our friends were in the smoking car, while the engine had ceased snorting and puffing, and settled down to its legitimate task of locomotion.

"Here, Gerald, have a weed," said Frank. "Do you know," continued he, after a pause, "that Alice Desmond is on board?"

"What!" exclaimed Barry, taking the cigar from his lips.

"Laura, too," remarked Frank, with exceeding nonchalance.

"Are you serious?" uttered Gerald, in surprise.

"Perfectly. The fact may be astounding, but nevertheless it is a fact."

"And Mr. Seaford?"

"Is at present, I dare say, soundly sleeping in his bed—dreaming perhaps of his daughter's marriage."

A suspicion, the effect of the tones rather than the words of his friend, flashed across the other's mind.

"Frank, you do not mean——"

"Yes, I do," interrupted he. "Mr. Seaford was aware that I retained the affection of his daughter,

still he rejected me. I was made aware of his rejection; still I choose to retain Laura's love. Bithus contra Bacchium!"

"But——"

"But me no buts, Gerald. We love one another, and do not think it judicious to leave a matter, wherein our happiness is concerned, in the hands of one who will heed no entreaty nor listen to any argument. I have tried the latter; with what result you already know. Laura and Alice have both endeavored to gain his consent to our union, even though it be at some distant day; for success, they experienced a stern injunction never again to mention aught to him on the subject. With a judge so bigoted and petrified, there was no course left me but to change the venue. And now, Gerald, that you know all, I expect your services at the ceremony, which will take place as soon as possible after we reach New York."

Not well knowing what to say or think, Barry followed Frank to the car where the girls were seated. Laura, though rather silent and tearful, seemed satisfied that Frank's step was the dernier ressort left to them. Alice was more cheerful, and

with Frank's help gradually succeeded in leading the conversation to topics which made all feel more at ease and momentarily forget the common anxiety. Frank had something of importance to say to Laura, and presently requested Alice to change seats. Then did Gerald learn from her lips what he had but conjectured from his friend's words—how Frank had constantly corresponded with Laura, and sometimes contrived to see her; how, at her entreaty, he had written to Mr. Seaford a letter, which was returned without comment; how he finally asked Laura to fly with him, and had gained her consent only when it was evident that her father could never be prevailed on to sanction their union, and was equally determined in upholding Mr. Warren in his suit.

When Alice concluded her recital, she turned her eyes appealingly to her auditor and said:

“I hope, Gerald, that you do not blame me for my share in the occurrence? I am averse to runaway matches, believing as I do that they are generally attended by evil consequences; and when Mr. Rood first made overtures of the kind to Laura, I strenuously opposed his arguments and counseled delay. But when I saw that uncle exhibited no

symptoms of relenting, that he forbade all mention of the matter, that every day diminished the roses on my poor cousin's cheeks—but above all other considerations, when I saw Laura urged to marry one whom from my heart I believe to be the husband of another woman, I thought it unwise to resist any longer. If you only knew how sad and melancholy Laura was getting to be, I am certain you would believe that I acted for the best.”

Dear little Alice! she was taking the responsibility of others' acts on herself, and requested forgiveness as if she were really culpable! What did Gerald Barry say in reply? A graceful form was by his side, a sweet face set in a mass of golden brown ringlets was before him, and a pair of blue eyes looked at him with an expression which denoted that his good opinion was worth something to her. Reader, what would you have said?

New York was at length reached, and in two hours' time Frank and Laura were one. As the marriage was speedy, the account of it must necessarily be summary; besides, there is but little interest in the details of a wedding which lacked satin, lace, veil, wreath and bridal presents. Suffice it to

say that, notwithstanding the absence of even those æsthetic essentials, Frank and his bride looked pictures of happiness, and that, when Gerald twitted him about his quotations from Pythagoras and the old Scandinavian, he looked fondly at his wife, and said, "*Errare mehercule malo cum Laura, quam cum istis vera sentire.*"

"What did he say, Gerald?" asked Alice, looking back from the window at the speaker.

"I have told him," said Frank, "that Pythagoras and Sæmund were a pair of ninnies, and never knew the virtues of a pair of blue eyes. You see, Alice, that the quarrel belongs to you; so I expect you will take up the gauntlet and put this recreant knight to shame."

"Had I but the shield of the blue-eyed goddess, I would turn him to stone for his slur on our optics. As it is——"

"Stay, Alice," interrupted Gerald, "I swear it is a foul accusation on his part, and meant but to divert from his own sinful head the consequences of past treason. Mrs. Rood, I engage you as counsel, and hope you will come to my rescue."

"I think the plaintiff's words deserve no credit

after his assertion about blue eyes," exclaimed Laura, turning her own liquid orbs on Frank; "at the least, they are rebellious and rude."

Frank bent down and kissed her fondly. "Remember that you are Rood, also," gayly remarked he.

"Oh! since I see that my lawyer is not proof against bribery, I have only to throw myself on the mercy of the court. But remember," whispered Gerald to Alice, "that I shall die the death of a martyr, and to the end avow my faith in the divinity of blue eyes."

"I fear time may make you a heretic," answered she, looking downwards.

"Never!"

What further might have been said, we know not, for at that moment the door opened, and John Seaford stood before them. Pausing a few instants and gazing steadily at Frank and Laura, he appeared to take in all the circumstances of the case; but if so, not a movement of his limbs, a twitch of the muscles, or glitter of his eye, betrayed a shade of emotion. Advancing a few paces in the direction of his daughter, he coldly asked, "Laura, are you this man's wife?"

Laura remained mute and motionless on the chair to which she had sunk on the appearance of her father.

"Yes, sir, she is," answered Frank, in a tone as cold and collected as his own.

The merchant paused a moment; his eyelids drooped. Presently his lips became a little more compressed, and without another glance at Laura, he turned away.

"Alice, come home."

Laura rushed forward, and, with hands clasped over her breast, exclaimed in tones that indicated the excitement under which she was laboring, "Father, father, forgive me, forgive Frank! We loved—we love one another so much, and you know that you would not consent! It was wrong, I know, to run away; but you were so—you gave me no hope, and I was so miserable! Do, father; only say that you forgive me!"

"Alice, are you ready?" was the only reply.

"Frank! cousin Alice!" hysterically cried Laura, falling on her knees, "will you not beg him to forgive me?"

Frank wound his arm round his young wife's

waist. Alice burst into tears and endeavored to comply with her cousin's request; but, grasping the hand which she had entreatingly laid on his shoulder, John Seaford strode towards the door. Words of wrath arose to the young husband's lips as he supported his fainting wife.

"Mr. Seaford!" shouted he.

"Hold, Frank!" interrupted Gerald; "for Heaven's sake, keep cool and do not make things worse. Stop a moment, I entreat of you, Mr. Seaford, and listen to reason. Stay, Alice——"

The merchant turned round, and said, with a half sneer, "Perhaps, sir, you have imitated your friend's worthy example, and are prepared to lay a husband's claim to my niece! If not, be kind enough to allow her to depart, and to spare me your school sophistry." A slight, scornful inclination of his head, one backward look from Alice, in which grief and bewilderment were plainly depicted, and the door closed.

CHAPTER XIV.

No. 55,701.

Reader, we invite you to take a fancy flight with us. True, it is a cold drizzling night, but we will provide you with a vehicle admirably contrived for speed, safety, and convenience. It can outstrip even the winged lightning in its flight; the baby prattler and the palsied grandame may enter it without fear; and the veriest Sybarite would not be disturbed by its motion. It is ubiquitous, too, and can transport you in a moment from the highest peak of the snow-capped Andes to the coral beds of the Pacific; and again, on light pinions, it will waft you from your cosy arm-chair to the burning sands of the Sahara. You have no desire for foreign travel, you say. Well, we do not intend to take you from the protection of the starry flag, and we again assure you our traveling-car is agreeable, easy, and expeditious beyond conception. You are willing to try it. Mount then, and, presto ! you are no sooner seated in our lo-

comotive, marked "Imagination," than you find yourself in the drawing-room of the Seaford house, and can see and hear without being considered prying or obtrusive.

Everything wears a familiar look, for outwardly there has been no change since Laura's departure, yet there is something undefinable which chills us as we look around—a sense of loneliness, a void somewhere. The father, who has been gazing fixedly at the burning embers, probably realizes this, for his brow contracts as he looks toward the piano, where Alice Desmond is turning over the leaves of a music-book, with a regretful longing for the past.

"You are fastidious this evening, Alice—can you find nothing to suit your taste?"

"Have *you* no favorite, uncle? I do not wish to inflict martyrdom on your ears."

Mr. Seaford was about to say "Casta Diva," but this recalled Laura; "Il Desiderio"—that was another of her favorites. Everything spoke of the absent one, who must be banished from his thoughts and from his heart. Henceforth there would be *one* place vacant; *she* could not occupy it, nor should another.

With a cold ring about his voice, as these thoughts passed swiftly through his mind, he said:

“Well, do not mind, child. I see you are not in a mood to enjoy music; so you may order up tea, and let the evening paper be brought here as soon as it comes.”

Alice left the room, glad to escape from the piano, for, whatever key she struck, there were only two vibrations—Gerald—Laura—over and over again—growing clearer, louder, more distinct each time, as if no barrier of distance intervened.

Left to himself, John Seaford paces the room with a restlessness of manner that betokens a mind ill at ease, and the disjointed words he lets fall show how gloomy are his reflections :

“Utter ruin impending—enraged by disappointment, he may at any time bring matters to a crisis, and then——”

He stops as a servant enters with the evening paper. Glancing hurriedly over its contents, his eye is arrested by the heading, “Grand Union Lottery ! Capital Prize, \$100,000 ! !”

“More than sufficient to meet Warren’s claim,” he mutters. “What shuttle-cocks of fortune we are !

The mere chance of turning up a number might have re-established the house, and allowed me to thrust Warren from my path, as I sometimes feel tempted to thrust him from my sight, daring the scoundrel to do his worst. Some fortunate fool will bask in fortune's smiles to-morrow, and one of those tickets Wyland's wife importuned me to take may possibly draw a dollar prize. Let us see;" and with a derisive look, as if challenging fate to a last trial, he opens his pocket-book, and takes some tickets from it.

"No. 3,085, a blank; 4,001, blank; 20,800—39,025—42,003—49,898—all blanks—not even the possible dollar prize. Pshaw! I believe I have really cherished the hope of retrieving affairs by this miserable expedient. But though I cannot control destiny, I shall never become the slave of circumstance. Will, principle, are still left, and these no man shall wrest from me."

Whilst examining the tickets he had been leaning with his back to the piano, and he now started from his reclining posture to resume his walk across the floor. In doing so, his arm brushed against the music-book Alice had left open, causing it to fall to the ground. With an impatient "Pshaw!" as he

felt his nervous system jarred by so trivial a cause, the merchant picked up the book, and his face became sterner in expression as he saw Laura's name on the cover.

"My last gift to her; she will probably claim it on her return from the bridal-trip. Well, she shall have all that is hers; but there shall be no record of my misplaced affection," and he turned to the title-page, whereon was inscribed: "To Laura, from her father, John Seaford."

In an instant the page was torn from the book, which he was about to close when a folded slip of paper caught his eye. "Perhaps another token of slighted regard," he soliloquized, as he took it up. "No—a lottery-ticket. She too had a chance in the great venture—as worthless as her matrimonial prize."

Holding it up to the light, the first two figures arrested his attention; he remembered they were those of the winning number. He snatched up the newspaper, and looked again at the ticket. Yes—there it was, figure for figure, 55,701, the winner of \$100,000. The paper fell from his hand, and a dark frown overspread his countenance. What! was destiny dogging

him everywhere? *His* tickets should all prove blanks, whilst the solitary one taken by his undutiful daughter would place her in a position to exult in her disobedience and ingratitude. He who had lured her away, too, and who afterwards insolently confronted himself, would now assume those airs of superiority in which the parvenu delights, and receive adulation from those who would pass by the bankrupt merchant with a careless nod. The pair whom he had cast off might even presume to insult him with proffered aid. A fierce light burned in his eyes as this flashed through his mind, and it was well that neither daughter nor son-in-law then crossed his path.

But his brow cleared as a new idea presented itself. Alice had been lately using the "book—might not the ticket be hers, rather than Laura's? "Let it prove so," was his rebellious thought, "and I will believe in an over-ruling destiny. The girl, like her mother, is gentle and good. A stranger's blandishments could never have induced *her* to leave a father's home." John Seaford's heart went out to his niece at that moment. He resolved to question Alice about the ticket; and, if she should indeed

have drawn the prize, that loan which would have been spurned if offered by his daughter or her husband, would be willingly accepted from his sister's child. Nor did he doubt for a moment its being placed at his disposal. He had read Alice's character from the first, and even Gerald's confidence in her disinterestedness was not greater than John Seaford's.

Just as he arrived at this conclusion, our heroine entered to take her place at the tea-table; for the Seafords had tenaciously adhered to English usages in their domestic arrangements, and were wont to have tea served in the drawing-room. As he sipped his coffee, the merchant broached the subject.

“I saw a notice of the Grand Union Lottery drawing in the evening paper. Have you any tickets for it, Alice?”

“No, Uncle John. I entertain grave doubts as to the moral effect of lotteries in general, and if I ever exercise the right of woman suffrage, I shall certainly vote for their abolition. But, mercy on me! I now remember I am a *particeps criminis* in the object of my strictures, for I have really taken a chance—at least half a one.”

“Indeed! and do you know the number of your ticket? The *Transcript* contains a list of those drawing prizes.”

“I cannot say if mine was amongst the units, tens, hundreds, or thousands; but it must have turned out a blank in punishment for my want of faith, and the raid I contemplate making so soon as I possess legal rights.”

“Well, if you cannot abolish the institution by process of law, you can at least attack it with a weapon which is said to be more potent than the sword. But perhaps the wheel of fortune has revolved in your favor, notwithstanding your design to arrest its future progress. Where is your ticket?”

“Echo answers ‘where?’ uncle; and I fear it is the only answer she will give.”

“Why, do you not know where you placed it?”

“I have not the faintest idea. Mr. Barry and myself one day agreed in jest to buy a joint ticket, but I thought no more of the matter until he told me he had really invested five dollars for our mutual interest, handing me at the same time a ticket for the Grand Union Lottery. I remember saying to

him, 'I shall apprise you, sir, when I draw the grand prize.'"

Here she stopped, for Gerald's reply recurred to her mind: "I am content to have this prove a blank, Alice, provided you accord me the prize I covet in another union."

"Well?" queried the merchant, and the simple monosyllable indicated a change in his feelings.

"I do not know what happened it afterwards," continued Alice. "Neither Gerald nor I attached any importance to it; and if, as is probable, I laid it on the piano, it must have been thrown into the waste-paper basket, or it may be that I dropped it somewhere. The finder can propound the riddle, 'What is that which, though written on, is still a blank?'"

John Seaford leant back in his chair, and a fit of abstraction came over him, which continued unbroken until Alice approached to say good-night. He returned her parting salutation kindly, but the rigidity of his face did not relax; and when the door closed, leaving him again alone, the pent-up current of feeling found an outlet in words.

"I am truly the puppet of Fortune, and the jade

tries her worst to torment me. At one time she comes with a smile, holding hope before my eyes; then the delusive vision is shut out from view, and I am left to the tortures of Tantalus. Yet why should I not take the chance presented to me? It was just as much my luck to find the ticket as it was to have that particular number draw the prize; but for me it would in all probability have escaped notice altogether, or when found be thrown aside as a worthless scrap of paper. Did it belong solely to Alice, I would not hesitate a moment in transferring it to her; but that vain strippling who aided in my daughter's elopement, and bearded me to my face! No! Come what will, *he* shall never rise to fortune through my instrumentality. Alice will henceforth take the place of a daughter in my household; she will inherit my worldly possessions; have I not the right, therefore, to use this money for present needs? It is but a loan, and shall be repaid with interest at my death."

Here he paused. Conscience whispered, "Do as you would be done by;" and that high sense of honor which he had formerly said placed *him* above the necessity of religious restraint, raised a warning

voice : "The concealment you meditate is unworthy of your lineage and your own ideas of moral rectitude. Has not philosophy taught you to regard wealth as a bauble, a toy of the imagination? The miser who gloats over the possession of hoarded millions is still poor ; the wise man, rich in treasures of knowledge, despises the mere dross of earth."

"Wealth is a tangible good," said the merchant aloud, "let the philosophers prate as they will. Without it, where would be that boasted learning on which they base their claims to distinction? Can the toiler for daily bread unravel the mysteries of ancient lore, or investigate the principles of science? Will he delve in the fields of geology, or follow a comet into the regions of space? Take away wealth, and you take away all that stimulates progress and fosters development; you abolish the school, the hospital, and those social refinements which make the difference between the clown and the courtier, the kitchen drudge and the society lady. The cynic would make us swallow the school-boy platitude, 'Riches are an incitement to evil'; so is beauty, so is knowledge, so is every faculty, if it be not rightly directed. Diogenes had few admirers in his own

day, and he would find none at all in ours. The wise man despises wealth as mere dross, forsooth! Rather say every one is despised who has it not."

John Seaford was right, according to prevailing ideas—those ideas which would limit existence to the tenure of mortal life. Miserable philosophy this! Whom can it console? whom exalt? Does the just man, who suffers persecution even unto death, rather than sin against his conscience, accept such teachings as a rule of action? Does the father who bears the heat and burden of the day uncomplainingly—the mother who toils lovingly for others' comfort—the good son—the devoted daughter—find their principle of action in speculative ideas? Would nothingarian belief nerve this gentle Sister of Charity to come upon the battle-field, where death in all its ghastly terrors meets her view? Yonder mutilated body makes her shrink back—she has but lately left her father's hall, and her blood curdles at the sight—but, breathing a prayer for the poor victim, she hurries to his gasping comrade, moistens his parched lips, removes the corpse that lay with crushing weight on his mangled limbs, binds up his wounds, and, commending him to the care of One

who watches over all alike, she speeds on her mission of love. In a city on the Hudson we see another devoted one bearing from the devouring flames an aged cripple, under whose burden she staggers on blindly through the stifling smoke and scorching heat. Does *she* believe wealth to be the chief good? Surely not, for she has devoted her life to the service of the poor, remembering that a God has said, "Whatsoever ye do unto the least of these, ye do unto Me."

It is but a year ago since Fever and Fear stalked together through the streets of Memphis. The terrified people fled in every direction; even the physician sought a place of safety. The hospitals were crowded with those stricken by the deadly contagion; did they die uncared for, unanointed, unanealed? No—help was at hand; it came from a neighboring city, where two men, clothed in the white garb of the Dominican monks, said, "We are ready." They studied the precepts of that divine Teacher who willed to die that man might live; they saw his image in every form of affliction; and when one fell at his post of duty, another, and another, and another took the vacant place, until the ravages of the

pestilence were stayed. Were these men nothing-arians, think you? They would have shuddered at the very thought, and confronted death in its most appalling aspect rather than have denied him who said, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy;" "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven."

Does not this code satisfy the heart, and appeal in trumpet tones to our better nature? *This* is the true philosophy, enlightening man as to his duty here, and his reward hereafter, consoling him in affliction, strengthening him in peril and temptation, and cheering the weary spirit with the promise of a glorious eternity, where those who have sown good seed shall reap an abundant harvest. "Every one is despised who has not wealth." Ah, John Seaford! with all your cultivated mind and clear understanding, there are things in Heaven and on earth which can never be learned from your philosophy.

He is again restlessly pacing the room.

"If Warren insists on assigning over those acceptances, there will inevitably be a crash. The arrant knave! he knows well there is no real danger, that it is only a question of time; but his rage at being

thwarted will not allow him to listen to any arguments. Something must be done to satisfy his claim this week—\$75,000. The prize would cover that, and meet the minor calls which now press us, by which means we could tide safely over the waters in which we shall otherwise be engulfed. The Seaford house bankrupt! Warren exulting over the dishonor brought upon my name! Those who set me at defiance looking down from a worldly height on the ruin which but for them would have been averted! and all from a scruple of honor that forbids me to use the opportunity presented by fortune. The chance which placed it in my way was the twin sister of that which made it turn up a prize—shall I not embrace it?”

In spite of all the sophistry suggested by inclination and necessity, the merchant could not make up his mind to say *yes*. However he tried to look at it, his sense of justice told him the question, plainly stated, was this, “Shall I appropriate the property of another?” No, John Seaford would not entertain the question in this form; honor would have been shocked at a direct charge of embezzlement; but will it make him boldly confront poverty rather than

commit a wrong? We must leave the morrow to decide, for the merchant says not another word, but retires to the library, where the midnight hour still found him making calculations.

CHAPTER XV.

WHAT THE MORROW BROUGHT FORTH.

“Did you dream of the whereabouts of your ticket last night, Alice?” said John Seaford, as he discussed the morning meal.

“No delusive fancy came to trouble my repose, Uncle John; and we have both reason to rejoice that slumber, like the missing chattel, left no record on the tablet of memory.”

“What cause for mutual jubilation do you find in this?” The merchant looked full at his niece as he put the question; her remark startled him. Thus does “conscience make cowards of us all.”

“Because a suggestion from Morpheus might have induced me to enact the role of a celebrated miller, and with the same results. Then, carpets being raised, furniture in disorder, and I singing in sad tones—

‘Shall I never more behold thee,
Never see thy *winning* face again—’

there enters on the scene a distinguished gentleman who shall be nameless; with a reproachful look at the disappointed mourner, that says more plainly than words, 'Look on the ruin you have wrought,' he stalks gloomily to the library. Picture this tableau, and then say if two individuals should not be thankful for having escaped the snares of Somnus and his son."

"Possibly, as you have put the case. But there would be more than one disappointed figure stalking to the library at sight of the woful picture you have portrayed. Mr. Warren will dine here to-day."

"And he might have seen 'the ruin of the house of York,' had I dreamt of prize tickets," exclaimed Alice quite unconscious of the significance of her words. "But, uncle, *I* am the disappointed party now for I hoped you would be my preux chevalier this evening."

"For a concert or lecture? I confess I am in no mood to enjoy one or the other."

"And it is *neither* one nor the other, Uncle John."

"What then? You surely do not mean a ball or a dramatic performance?"

"Certainly not. It is something more in consonance with my present feelings."

"I never invested largely in imagination, and the stock on hand is now entirely exhausted."

"Then I must make no further calls on it, but come to the point at once. Uncle John, I had hoped you would accompany me to the mission."

"Where?"

"To the mission at the Cathedral. I would so much like to hear Father Joseph preach, and his sermons are reserved for the evening discourses. Of course I cannot go alone."

John Seaford reflected a moment. He saw that Alice had set her heart on this, and might it not be as well to gratify her? She was more dependent on him since Laura's departure, and he knew she did not encourage the indiscriminate attention of would-be admirers. Besides, it would serve as a diversion from thought after the interview he had appointed with Warren. He welcomed the idea, for a weight of anxiety and doubt pressed heavily upon him, though to an ordinary observer he was impassive and imperturbable as ever.

"Well," he rejoined, "we may possibly arrange

this to your satisfaction. Our guest's presence need not interfere, for my business with him can be transacted immediately after dinner; and if he seems inclined to linger you may invite his attendance also. I dare say he will readily consent to be *preux chevalier*."

"An arrangement not quite to my taste," thought Alice after her uncle had left the room; "but perhaps it is all for the best. Father Joseph may plant a grain of mustard-seed in Mr. Mark Warren's soul that will eventually fructify. In any case I rejoice that Uncle John has consented to attend the mission. I entertain strong hopes that his cultivated understanding and candid mind will find food for reflection in the service and the sermon. A nature like his, if anchored on the rock of belief, would assuredly become the type of Christian perfection."

We hope that Alice will see her wish realized. It is certainly from the brightest intellects and the most exalted minds the Catholic Church has drawn her converts; as Dean Swift expressed it, "The Pope sends Protestants his garbage, and takes their flowers." Is not this a sufficient answer to the petty scribes who would have their credulous readers be-

lieve that Catholicity is opposed to enlightenment? "We saved the holy relics and our *library*," is the oft-repeated remark in the annals of the Middle Ages, when narrating how their convent had been despoiled and themselves forced to flee by the barbarous hordes who then desolated Europe, and would have made it in very truth a region of darkness had not the lamp of knowledge been kept burning within the walls of the monastery. "We saved only our relics and our books," writes the medieval recluse in illuminated characters, which are the wonder of the present day; these treasures he would have died to preserve from the ruthless barbarian—the gold and silver might go to the spoiler. Happily the record survives to the confusion of those who would defame the "lazy, ignorant monks of the middle ages."

Dinner hour arrived, and with it the expected guest beaming with good nature and fair-spoken as usual. If condemned to wear the willow, he certainly did it with a good grace, and seemed not the less kindly disposed towards his entertainers because the worm i' the bud had come forth to banquet on his rounded cheek.

The conversation was discursive, Mr. Warren

showing himself acquainted with general statements regarding general facts, and cleverly concealing his want of profundity by suavity of manner and non-committing aphorisms.

When the dessert came on, Alice thought it time to bring her cherished project on the tapis. She wished to know if it were "to be or not to be."

"Try these figs, Mr. Warren," she said, as a preliminary.

"Sweets from the sweet, Miss Alice, are sweet indeed," was his polite acceptance of the proffered courtesy.

"Twenty years hence you will probably say, 'a fig for such things,'" put in the host.

"Not if it implies depreciation, or my taste must alter exceedingly."

"Does your taste never change, Mr. Warren?" queried our heroine. "I warn you, I have a motive for putting the question."

"Sometimes, Miss Alice, for sufficient reasons. And now may I inquire as to the motive?"

"Certainly. Uncle does not quite share your horror of 'indulgences,' for he indulged me with the

hope of being my escort this evening to the Cathedral, where a mission is now going on."

"And," added the host, as the young lady came to a pause, "I think Alice meditates entrapping you into attendance likewise; but it was to be dependent on the readiness with which we shall transact our after-dinner business."

"Oh! I hope you will not allow *that* to interfere," said the guest, with considerable animation.

"Miss Alice, you have entirely converted me to the doctrine of indulgences, and if you will graciously accord me one in this case, I shall be only too happy to receive further enlightenment in your company this evening."

The permission was granted with general satisfaction. Our heroine's cause of gratification has already been mentioned. To the merchant it was a respite which he wished could be prolonged, for time would bring security.

Mr. Mark Warren's feelings were of a mixed nature. A brief note from John Seaford had acquainted him with Laura's flight, and he received the tidings with a tempest of rage that would have electrified those who knew him only as he seemed out-

wardly. But no one was permitted to witness the exhibition of his disappointed wrath, and he came forth from his chamber with an unruffled brow, and a manner so calm that an ordinary individual would doubt if a single angry feeling ever found a place in the breast of so worthy a gentleman. For some time he was undecided as to his course of action. Revenge he was determined on in some shape, but the means he should employ required consideration. His first thought was to crush the Seaford house, by insisting on an immediate settlement of accounts, but the merchant's resentment against his daughter and her husband suggested the idea of gratifying his malice more effectually. Would not the man he held in his power be as ready to favor his suit with the niece as he had been to recommend him to the daughter? and here there was an almost undoubted certainty of success. Laura Seaford inherited much of her father's spirit—it might have caused him trouble afterwards; but Alice Desmond would be easily managed—she was entirely dependent, and not at all so high-strung as her proud cousin, who might yet be made to feel the consequences of the step she had taken in jilting him for a penniless dentist.

Well, she would have every facility for enjoying love in a cottage. If Seaford's niece should only have sense enough to accept his offer, then he would undertake to do some wire-pulling which would leave the Roods without one solitary acre of John Seaford's property. And matters looked as favorable as could be desired. The father was as much enraged as himself at having been outwitted and set at defiance, and he was not one to turn from hatred to love. Besides, there was the pressure that would be brought to bear; it was only necessary to turn the screw. Surely the old man would not object to go as far now as he had done before, and the niece dared not refuse compliance. But it was better to go cautiously to work; a little time must be allowed to elapse, then the subject could be broached to Seaford. In the meantime he would have opportunities for making himself agreeable to the girl; he rather liked her style of beauty, too—not at all so striking as Laura's, but her temper was far better, though she entertained some notions which it would be well to eradicate hereafter. The matter could now be set in train. It was a perfectly safe game, and a tolerably nice stake. Let him only win the

point, and the profits would be made to come out all right.

Mr. Warren made some miscalculations, as the event proved ; for instance, he did not take Gerald Barry into account when speculating on the possibility of Alice accepting the offer of his hand. This omission was not due to forgetfulness, but to want of information regarding the facts of the case. Neither our heroine nor her cousin, as may be supposed, thought of taking him into confidence, and John Seaford knew nothing of Alice's penchant for the companion of her childhood.

Having thus mapped out future proceedings, Mr. Warren went quietly to work. He had some discussions with the merchant regarding the financial complication, and he showed his consciousness of being master of the situation, though generously forbearing to press his claim ; " but circumstances might arise which would bring matters to an issue." In these interviews he learned what he desired to know, namely, John Seaford's determination never to see Laura or her husband again, and his resolve that Alice should henceforth fill his daughter's place. "Ca ira," thought the plotter, and the words recalled

a foreign land and a foreign face. "Pshaw! why should this trouble me now? The shackle is broken; I am free before the law; and need not worry myself over that piece of folly. Happily, we are living in an age when scruples of this kind may be disregarded. Besides, no one knows anything about the matter, and no one shall know." Strange that Mr. Warren, who attacked supposed errors with such indignation, could forget there is One who heard his vow to cherish and protect a simple maiden who plighted her faith to him in the Church of Sainte Therese. *She* knows it, too, and is at this moment pressing to her lips the ring he placed on her finger when he promised to be true until death did them part.

Mr. Seaford and his guest discoursed on business topics until coffee was served. Mr. Warren was in a particularly happy mood, disposed to take an optimistic view of everything. "There is no cause for serious apprehension, my dear sir. The money-market is undoubtedly stagnant at present, but there will be a revival very soon, and trade will be all the brisker for the temporary depression."

"I can let the ticket question lie over," thought the merchant, and, after sipping a cup of coffee, he

declared himself ready to accompany Alice. Mr. Warren was not only ready, he was most happy—"esteemed it quite a privilege to escort Miss Alice." So ten minutes more saw our heroine and the two gentlemen in the carriage, en route for the mission.

CHAPTER XVI.

FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS.

The church was crowded when our party arrived, although the services had not begun. As it was impossible for all three to get seats in the same pew, the merchant took a place on the right of the middle aisle, while Mr. Mark Warren led Alice nearer to the pulpit.

“We can see and hear better from this point,” he whispered. “Perhaps your missionary will convert me.”

Alice inclined her head. She hoped Mr. Warren might hear something that would be to his advantage, but she said nothing.

There is a glimmer of tapers, and a procession of surpliced youths files out of the vestry. The priest takes his place in front of the altar, and the solemn strains of the Benediction hymn ascend with incense to heaven :

“Genitori Genitoque
Laus et jubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio,
Procedenti ab utroque
Compar sit laudatio.”

John Seaford scarcely breathed as the words fell on his ear. Here was no cold devotion, no form without life, but the most sublime act of adoration from the creature to the Omnipotent; a profession of faith, too, in language terse yet comprehensive. He had before understood the might and majesty of the Catholic Church; he now felt something of the supernatural influences she exercises over the heart, and in the solemn silence he mentally ejaculated, “This indeed is the house of prayer.”

The tabernacle is closed, and the officiating priest retires, whilst a figure clothed in the long dark robe of a Passionist Father advances in front of the altar, where he remains prostrate in prayer for a few moments. Then, ascending the pulpit, he prepares to speak in the name of him whose death on the cross is commemorated by that sign of devotion with which he commences. A look of eager attention in the direction of the missionary seems to indicate that

Father Joseph is a favorite with the congregation. Such indeed was the case; and in the tall, slender figure, fair complexion, and finely cut features one of the auditors recognized a former class-mate. Yes, in spite of the change wrought by years of study and self-denial, John Seaford felt certain the Passionist Father had once been his fellow-student at Cambridge, where his talents won golden opinions from the professors, whilst his courage, generosity, and vim caused him to be voted "a real good fellow" by juniors and sophs.

"He can pass a joke as well as any O'Donaghue," said a gentleman of that name who claimed M'Allister as a particular chum; "and why shouldn't he, when he has good Irish blood in his veins; 'tis only a pity he wasn't born a real Irishman."

M'Allister laughed when this expression of condolence reached his ears, and said he knew now why phrenologists assigned him a large bump of combativeness and nomadic proclivities. In spite of the preponderance of the former trait, and his superiority in intellect, he had been obliged to succumb to the overwhelming weight of testimony brought forward on one occasion by Mr. O'Donaghue, in favor

of a divinely instituted church, and the consequent impossibility of its teaching erroneous doctrine. This led to further inquiry in after years ; and now, in the calm, earnest missionary, John Seaford finds himself face to face with the bright, impulsive school-mate, whose remarkable abilities and acute perception would, according to the predictions of the college faculty, open to him a glorious career in the future. Had the predictions been fulfilled? Let that wise philosopher answer, who has said, "On the stage of life he is the most successful player who has best performed his allotted part ; whether he wears the silken robes of state, or dons a russet garb, enters not into the account."

That he had well performed his part hitherto—that he would strive to play it worthily until the last act was over—none could doubt who looked at the spiritualized face of the missionary, and heard his voice raised in counsel and encouragement to those who would walk in the light of truth, in solemn denunciation of hidden vice and public wrong-doing. The stillness of a hushed multitude pervaded the church, and Mr. Mark Warren's attention, like that of every member of the congregation, was riveted on

the speaker as he came to the last point of his discourse :

“And now I shall advert briefly to what must be called the plague-spot of our modern society. Its influence is spreading far and wide, and its pestilential breath has already blighted thousands of lives in this fair land. Happily, my friends, I can say to the greater number of those whom I now address, rejoice that the Catholic Church has set up a barrier which keeps this great evil from your midst ; and you, Catholic maidens, reflect seriously before you embark your fate with those who would wreck your happiness on the treacherous shoals of Divorce. Think of the ruined homes, the misery brought on fathers, mothers, and children, by that judicial tribunal which has undertaken to sever a tie which God said should not be broken. ‘And he who putteth away his lawful wife and taketh another, commits adultery.’

“Because of this divorce court, the unprincipled husband, who tires of duty, will desert her whom he has promised to cherish ; because of this same court, the frivolous woman dares to break the nuptial bond, sure of being sheltered from scorn by such a mask

for iniquity; because of this court, children are deprived of parents' care, their young minds perverted by teaching which seeks to gloss over wrong-doing by justifying the means that licensed it. The contagion spreads, and all society feels the taint. Who that glances at the pictures of every-day life, which I shall set before you, will venture to say the Catholic Church should give the sanction of her authority to the divorce laws?"

Alice glanced at Mr. Warren. He was listening.

"Here is a happy fireside. One parent holds a little prattler on his knee, the other fondles a curly-headed darling. 'Our boy will grow up to be our pride and our stay in the future,' says the fond mother. 'No rough blast shall ever visit this cheek, while heaven leaves me health and strength,' is the father's thought.

"A few months later, and the parents are again sitting by each other, but the voices of both are at a pitch that suits not the accents of endearment.

"*'It is.'* *'It is not.'* The words are rung in different changes, rising gradually in tone, each louder, shriller than the former, until argument has become recrimination. They separate for the night, and one

mutters, 'incompatibility of temper.' A newspaper is at hand, and an advertisement reads, 'Divorces in any State obtained without publicity; passports provided.' Next morning there is gloomy silence at the once cheerful board, and at dinner one place is vacant. In after years we read of a divorced man married to another; a divorced woman, living, no one knows where, no one cares to inquire how. The mother's darling, uncontrolled by the sweet and salutary influences of home, has grown up a reckless youth, fearing not God, honoring not the authors of his being—dare they reproach him for this?—setting at defiance those laws which he denounces for having deprived him of his birth-right privileges, and made him an outcast on the world's highway. And the father's idol, she whom he would shelter from every nipping blast? The worms have ere this feasted on her soft cheek, yet she was glad when they told her she would soon be laid in her earthen bed. An icy hand fell heavily on her heart as day after day her father's love grew cold, and she saw a stranger put in the place of that mother who had nightly folded her hands in prayer; that mother she was told was now a homeless wanderer, she must not

think of her more. She is no longer her father's idol, but *her* child, and her brother's waywardness is made a reproach. What wonder if light words of love find easy belief? Can the father, who marred the tenor of her life to gratify an angry feeling, claim her confidence or exact duty? There is a hasty marriage, unsanctified by religious rites, 'binding so long as it is pleasant, and easily shaken off when it galls,' soliloquized the one on whose faith she staked her future happiness.

"'Divorces easily obtained.' It caught his eye as he was idly sauntering along; the thought was suggested, it recurred again. That night his cruel indifference makes her weep. Pish! women's nerves; it was becoming absolutely unbearable. Divorces easily obtained! Yes, there was the remedy. They were evidently unsuited to each other, and would be better apart.

"Oh! the fearful cry of that anguished heart which arose to heaven against the unrighteous law that set itself up in opposition to the Divine precept, 'Whoso God has joined let no man put asunder.' Would the lawyer have pocketed his fee with such a chuckle had he heard that stricken one's denuncia-

tion of the evil he was spreading broadcast through the land? Would the sumptuous repast it procured for him have been so thoroughly enjoyed, had he seen her afterwards, on her poor pallet, with hollow cheek, and sunken eye, and that look of woe which tells the tale of a broken heart without one word being spoken? But her grief finds a last utterance: 'How long, O Lord, how long wilt Thou suffer this iniquity to go unrequited?' How many victims must still suffer, how many hearts be crushed, how many lives wrecked by those who, with unholy love of greed, proclaim, 'Divorces without publicity?' Yes, she is laid at rest. No father, mother, or brother pressed her dying lips; and her husband? he was putting the marriage ring on the finger of another ere the heart of the deserted one had ceased to beat.

"There is another picture whose figures are like the last. Father, mother, and children are there; and, as before, angry words make the brow grow dark and the heart swell with anger. But they are within the true fold, and there is a common bond of faith between the parents. They seek the tribunal of penance; they lay bare their consciences before the

accusing eye of heaven ; they see their mutual error, and repentance follows. That night witnesses a reconciliation, and serenity is restored to heart and nome. They have learned a lesson of mutual forbearance, and they know the laws of God will not be set aside. Temptation cannot assail them, for they meet it with a 'non possumus.' And *their* children dwell with them ; they are guarded by love, they are trained in the path of duty ; and the parents who watched over their tender youth become in time the objects of affectionate solicitude. Heavenly peace abides under their roof ; and when the Supreme Judge summons them to appear before His tribunal, they hear those words, 'Well done, ye good and faithful servants.'

"Which court, O my friends, has benefited society—that in which 'Divorces without publicity' are granted, or that which summons the Christian to look into his soul, and purify it from every taint of corruption that might remove it from Him who sanctified marriage by his presence? Think you the bride or bridegroom of Cana would have dared to ask the Divine Guest for a divorce without publicity?"

A few words of exhortation brought the evening's

service to a close, and the congregation began to disperse.

Miss Desmond and her escort found the carriage waiting, but the merchant had not yet come up.

"Uncle must have remained in church until the crowd passed out," said Alice; "he will be here in a moment."

"And I rejoice in having even a moment's tete-a-tete," returned Mr. Warren. "Would you not prefer to enter the carriage?"

An exclamation uttered in French arrested the young lady's reply.

Turning towards her escort, she saw him confronted by one whose appearance, gestures, and speech, immediately recalled the French girl she had seen on board the Vulture, and who, as our readers have probably divined, was the Julie to whose rescue Gerald Barry had come so opportunely. Her history since then can be told in a few words. The day after our hero left the city, kind Mrs. O'Leary succeeded in procuring her employment in New York, and some time after she got a more desirable situation in Boston. Hence her appearance at the mission this evening, and her accidental meeting with War-

ren. Though obliged to acknowledge his treachery in deserting her, she had never abandoned the hope of one day meeting the recreant, and bringing him back to a sense of duty ; she, consequently, felt no surprise when she found herself face to face with Henri Guerenne, whom she regarded as her husband. Poor Julie ! though you have learned to speak our language passably well, and acquired some knowledge of our institutions, you know not yet how easy it is to shake off that bond you believe to be indissoluble. People have spoken to you of divorces, but in your simple Norman faith you did not conceive the possibility of being divorced without publicity. Yes, that separation himself had planned gave the designer cause sufficient to claim by law the annulling of his marriage with the too confiding French girl ; and when Julie, in glad tones, exclaimed :

“At last I have found you, Henri, my Henri !” her whilom husband rudely thrust her from him, saying :

“Away, girl ! I have nothing to do with you.”

“Nothing !” cried poor Julie, looking dazed for a moment ; then, with recovered energy, she added,

"How dare you say so, perfidious man! You are my husband."

Alice moved towards the carriage, but Julie stopped her.

"Stay, mademoiselle; I want you to hear. I am indeed his wife. Merci! now I see your face, I have met you before. Did you not see him and me on the Vulture? Is he not my husband?"

To our heroine's great relief Mr. Seaford came up as Julie put the last question, and he took in the situation at a glance.

"Come, child," he said, drawing his niece's arm within his; "Mr. Warren has a stronger claim on his attention, and I shall expect an explanation of his former statement regarding this girl."

The gentleman referred to knew his prospective game was lost; he might as well show his hand now; so, assuming a tone of bravado, he asked, "On what ground do you require an explanation, sir?"

"On the ground that you dared to ask my daughter's hand," replied the merchant, with suppressed anger.

"Your argument has no weight according to your own words, Mr. Seaford. You admitted a case might

arise which would justify divorce—that case was mine, and I was free from the galling bond when I solicited the honor of becoming your son-in-law. Having thus satisfied *your* claim, I hope *mine* will be as promptly liquidated. You will hear from me to-morrow.”

“When you please,” said John Seaford; and without vouchsafing his creditor a good-night, he hurried Alice to the carriage, banged to the door, and gave the order, “Home.”

An hour later saw the merchant walking up and down his library, with agitated step and lowering brow.

“The scoundrel!” he muttered, “to deceive me first, and then try to ensnare me into an approval of his villainy in order to justify his conduct. His claim must be met to-morrow—well, it shall be.”

The last words were uttered with the gloomy desperation of a gambler who stakes all on a final throw. The stakes in this case were *expediency* versus *moral principle*, and expediency won. John Seaford would have met death unflinchingly, but he could not face the frown of poverty. Would those whose rights he was thus infringing on have been equally weak in

such circumstances? Assuredly not; for neither Gerald nor Alice would have said, as did John Seaford, "The knowledge rests with myself."

The merchant had only taken his seat in the counting-house next morning, when Mr. Mark Warren was ushered in. His confident manner was met with a look of cold contempt which took him completely aback.

"I have reason to believe your firm cannot withstand the financial shock it is about to encounter, and therefore I have come to notify you of my intention to transfer the acceptances I hold on your house."

"I have reason to believe you are altogether in error on this point," was the reply. "The house has nothing to fear; and your notes will be paid as soon as presented, whether by yourself or another."

"Am I to understand you are quite prepared to meet all claims?" said Warren, with an air of incredulity.

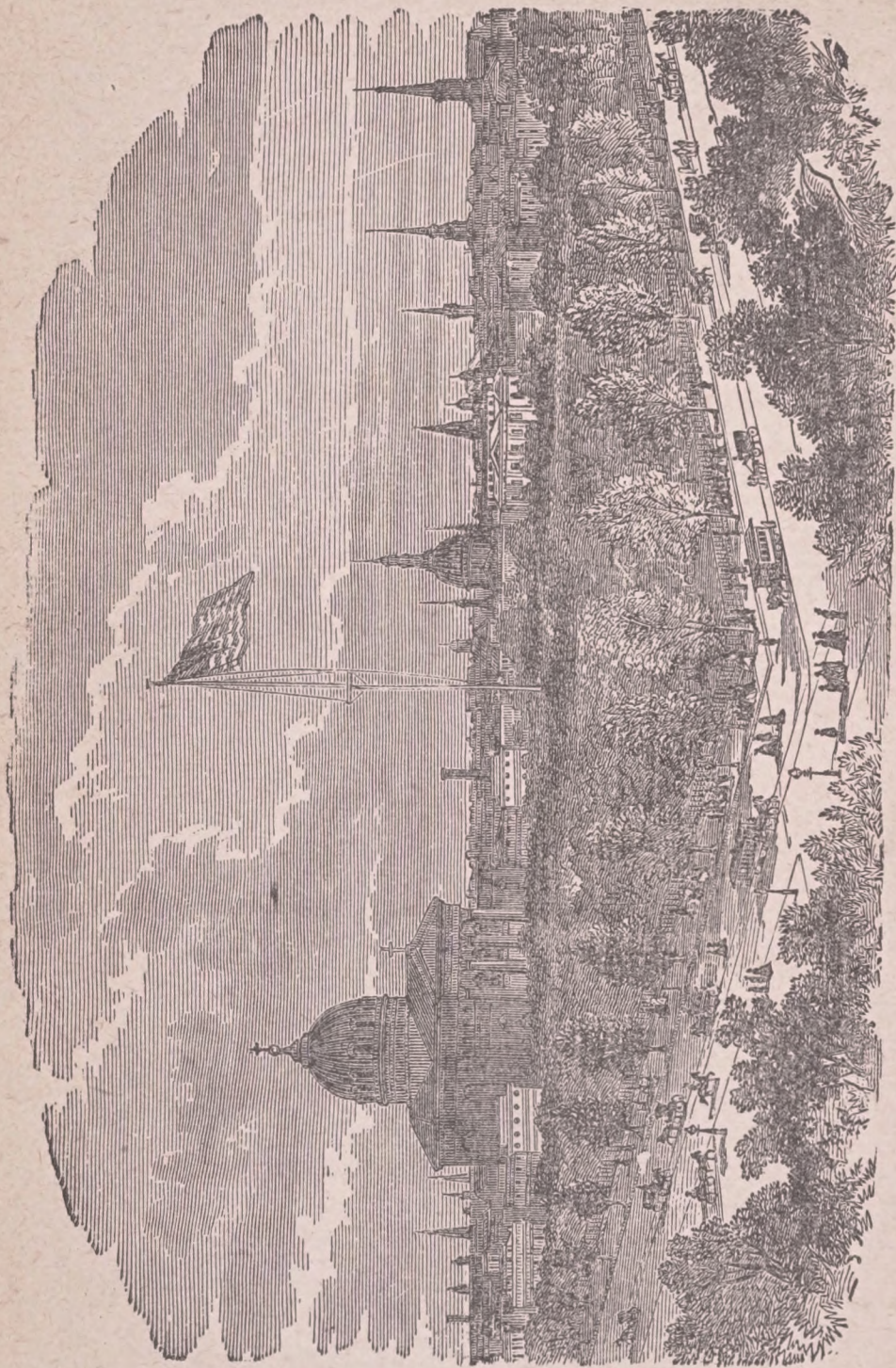
"I have told you so. You see your apprehensions as to our stability are without foundation; and I beg to inform you that all further business relations between us are at an end."

"I can't see into it," snarled the discomfited gentleman, as he walked out of the office. "It isn't a dodge; he looked too much in earnest; besides, that kind of ruse would not be like Seaford. Confound him and that Frenchwoman, too! Well, she's shaken off anyhow, and I'll test this bragging of Seaford's very soon. How I wish I could crush him!" and a diabolical look passed over his face as he ground his heel into the dust.

The malevolent wish was not gratified. Notes for heavy amounts came pouring in on the Seaford firm, but one after another was paid off as soon as presented.

"Where can the money have come from?" thought the baffled plotter. The question was asked in vain for some time; but Mr. Warren possessed remarkable sagacity in ferreting out secrets; and although the merchant's name, at his own desire, had been withheld in the public announcement of prize drawers, nevertheless his quondam friend discovered that John Seaford had won \$100,000 in the Grand Union Lottery. Here, however, his information ended—the *great* secret, the ownership of the ticket, was locked up in the merchant's breast. It shall be

revealed when John Seaford and Mark Warren appear before that tribunal where justice never yields to expediency. Well for either if he can say on that last day of reckoning, "I repented; I made atonement."



CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL, PHILADELPHIA.

CHAPTER XVII.

DOCTOR BARRY PUZZLES OVER A DIAGNOSIS.

If the reader chanced to be strolling along one of the streets in Philadelphia, about three years after the events related in the last chapter, and, having nothing more interesting wherewith to employ his time, had spent it in scanning the blazonry over the stores, doors, and windows, he might possibly have seen the sign, "Gerald Barry, M. D., Physician and Surgeon." Had his curiosity or ailment (if the latter, he would be more welcome) prompted him to enter the house garnished by the above sign, and to open the door on the right, he would have found himself in a small office furnished with a number of medical volumes, an ink-stained table, an easy chair, a map of the United States, a diploma from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and a few busts of ancient medical sages artistically placed on a shelf over the door. Ere he finished the survey, Doctor Gerald

Barry would emerge from an inner room—his bedroom—and, briskly brushing past, with a “Pray, be seated, sir,” would write furiously for about five minutes, and then, summoning his young negro, Mercury, would say in a dignified tone, “Sam, take these prescriptions to Mr. Conroy, the druggist, and tell him I want them made up immediately, as I am called away on a visit. Immediately! do you hear? It is a matter of life and death.” Sam, with an “All right, sir,” would bound to the door, slam it violently, and—relight the butts of his cigars with the prescriptions! The doctor would advance to you, dear reader, and say, “Excuse me for detaining you, but as I have just been called to attend a compound fracture case, I was obliged to write prescriptions for several of my old patients who will call in my absence. Not at all, not at all, my dear sir! I have still fifteen minutes at my disposal, and will be very happy to place them at your service; what can I do for you?” If you stated your grievance, he would prescribe, pocket his fee with seeming unconcern, and request you to call on him again at the end of three days. If you declined his hurried services that day, and preferred to call when business was not so pressing, he

would name his office hours, blandly bow you out, and on your departure would smile grimly at his ill-luck.

Fortune had not favored Gerald much during his three months' residence in Philadelphia; in all that period, his patients scarcely exceeded one a month. Every night for two or three weeks he had roused the neighborhood from midnight slumber by rappings long and loud at his own door, and by carrying on imaginary conversations about imaginary calls with an imaginary Doctor Barry at the open door. Every day for the same length of time did he issue hastily from his sanctum at three o'clock, get into his carriage, and yelling some directions to Sam about those powders for Mr. Such-a-one, and those mixtures for Such-another, would drive down the street as fast as his steed and the fear of the police allowed him.

All to no purpose! He lost flesh considerably by his nocturnal tactics, and gained not a single patient by his equestrian performances. He accordingly changed the *modus operandi*; necessity made him sell his horse, and he prevailed upon Sam to rap lustily at his door one night each week. Not all the

butt-ends of cigars in the whole creation could make Sam lose his sleep for two nights in succession. Every succeeding day Gerald was growing more and more disgusted with his medical prospects in Philadelphia, and often pondered on the advisability of removing his household goods to an unhealthier district. Whilst canvassing this important question one day, and ruminating over a cigar in the inner room, the office door opened and some one entered.

“The third fellow that has mistaken the door to-day,” muttered Gerald. “One wanted the lawyer, the other the music-teacher ; I suppose it is the photographer that is wanted this time. Let us see. When I pay my rent, Sam’s wages, and my board-bill, how much shall I have left out of a hundred dollars? Not sufficient to be overwhelmed with the balance, I am certain ! Twenty-five and twelve make thirty-seven, and six make——”

A cough attracted his attention.

“That sounds professional. I’ll see what luck there is in odd numbers ;” and, so thinking, he picked up a sheet of paper, entered the office, and went through the usual routine of writing prescrip-

tions, ringing for Sam and dispatching him to the druggist's.

"Now, sir," said he, advancing to the patient, "what can I do for you? What! Mr. Seaford!"

"The same, sir," replied the gentleman. "It has been some time since we last saw each other," continued the merchant, as he seated himself in the chair which Gerald drew forward.

"Three years," replied Barry, mechanically.

"Three years; yes. A long time, not perhaps to one like you, in the hey-day of youth, but long to an old man like me. So long," glancing at Gerald, "that many prior events had almost faded from my recollection till your sign attracted my notice as I was passing by this evening. Curiosity prompted me to see if you were the same person I had formerly known. I find that you have followed out your plan of a medical profession. Have you been long in this city?"

"About three months, sir."

"How do you like Philadelphia?"

"I like it—tolerably," answered Gerald, with some hesitation.

"Got a large practice?" interrogated the other.

"Hardly enough to keep the wolf from the door," said Gerald, gloomily enough.

"How is that? From what you said to your servant, I should judge you to be in no want of patients."

"A mere ruse, sir; a sort of professional Trojan horse, wherewith to establish a reputation, and obtain a practice."

Mr. Seaford smiled grimly. "Stratagem appears to pervade very strongly all branches of medicine, and to form a necessary qualification in those who embrace it."

Gerald winced at the remark, knowing well the covert allusion in his words.

"You are scarcely just in your denunciation, Mr. Seaford," he replied. "The artifice which I have had the candor to acknowledge is innocent enough in itself, and cannot pretend to compete with the shams made use of by individuals in any other line of business."

"Perhaps so, sir;" very slowly, and drooping his eyelids; "perhaps so. In your candor there is at least no sham. Had you any particular reason for

selecting Philadelphia as a starting point in your medical practice?" asked he, after a pause.

"No; mere chance——"

Here the door opened, and Sam entered, with several little white and brown paper parcels, and three or four phials; the former contained sand or sawdust, while the latter might have been filled with water colored with ink, or whatever else Sam chanced to light on most conveniently.

"Here's the medicine, sir," said the young scamp, breathing very hard; "I have been running all the way and am nearly out of breath. Golly! but you'll kill me, doctor, if you don't get another fellow to help in the office!"

"That will do, Sam," said Gerald, laughing; "you can either throw that stuff into the street or keep it till a patient calls. All right"—Sam was making divers contortions at his seeming lunacy—"this gentleman is a friend of mine."

In the conversation that ensued between Mr. Seaford and Barry, the latter tried to turn the discourse on such topics as would give him an inkling of the sequel to past events; but the merchant ap-

peared to dislike any mention of them. At last Gerald put the question boldly.

“Pardon me, Mr. Seaford, for alluding to a subject which may possibly be distasteful to you; but Frank Rood was a very dear friend of mine, and I would like much to hear some news of him. Since the day we parted in New York, we have had no communication with each other.”

“I can give you but little information as regards your friend, Doctor Barry, save that he is quite well, I believe. However,” and he extended his hand to bid good-bye, “if professional engagements do not prevent you from dining with me to-morrow, my niece Alice may be able to communicate some news of him. Good-bye, sir; we dine at four.

Having told Gerald the quarter where he lived, the merchant left our hero in a frame of mind very different from that in which he found him. Mr. Seaford’s sudden visit, his manner, which, if not cordial, was at least friendly, his invitation—all these filled Gerald with astonishment, and for the remainder of that day the idea of quitting Philadelphia never once occurred to him. He lit a fresh cigar and ruminated over it.

Quitting! No, Gerald Barry; never give up. Remember the expression of your poetic countryman, that the hour before day is always the darkest, and apply it to your own prospects. Be patient yet awhile; write an account of an interesting case for the medical journals, and, if possible, induce Sam to thunder at your door two nights in the week. Do you not feel new courage implanted in you, old fellow; renewed energy to keep on battling till you force Dame Fortune to reward the efforts of her untiring antagonist? Has not some one said that man is but a bundle of habits? If so, association must be the string which ties it. Here I find all my despair, ennui, and cynicism replaced by an ardent desire of being up and doing; here is a total change of sentiment, owing to experiencing a little friendliness from an old man, or hearing some tidings of my old chum, or once more seeing—— Pshaw! what a ridiculous idea, to be sure! Seaford's invitation and the account of Frank's welfare have most decidedly wrought this change in me. I know my own constitution, and feel assured that this little bit of excitement has served to clear the cobwebs that clogged the arterial passages. I wonder if Alice is much

changed. She might be married. Bosh! And why bosh? Come now, Mr. Ego, account for that exclamation. Simply, Gerald, because I cannot imagine Alice Desmond as the wife of another. And why, Ego? Now, Gerald, don't bother me with your questions; it takes a wise man to answer the questions of a fool, you know, and respect for so intimate a friend as you are prevents me from coming out in the character of sage. You are not a bad sort of fellow, Gerald—some thanks to me for it; but a material creature like you cannot be versed in the science of Conesthesis. No; believe me, Alice Desmond is still single. I know it by the peculiar—but it would be useless to try and initiate you into any mysterious doctrines, especially as you are at present completely absorbed by more mundane ones.

Ego was right. Time had worked no change in Alice's condition, and Gerald Barry found her next day charming and artless as of yore. Conversation at dinner was a little restrained, but when the young people left Mr. Seaford to his evening paper, and adjourned to the drawing-room, they quickly reverted to the old sociable style. Mutual explanations dispelled every shadow of reserve.

Gerald entered an indignant protest against the charge of forgetfulness, telling how he had been for some time after the elopement uncertain as to his future movements ; that, having at length decided on completing his medical studies in New York, he had written to Alice, giving a detailed account of his prospects and his future hopes. To this he received no reply ; and, considerably mortified at the seeming slight, he had made up his mind to concentrate all his affections on *Materia Medica*, believing that Mr. Seaford, through personal dislike, had induced Alice to break off all correspondence with him.

“And now,” said Alice, “comes my part of the story. Your letter, which seemed to have gone a weary round in pursuit of the rightful claimant, if one might judge by the many suggestions written on the envelope to try one place and another, was at length delivered by a trusty Mercury several weeks after date. The reason of this was that uncle, by the advice of his physician, had to seek change of air some time after Laura’s marriage. I accompanied him to Canada, and on our return to the States he decided on removing to Philadelphia. Here it was that your letter was forwarded to me. But you were mis-

taken in having supposed I was under any restraint about writing. I sent a reply, and am at a loss to know why it did not reach you."

"Some trick played by that envious sprite, Mis-chance, I suppose," said Gerald. "I remember having changed my quarters a few weeks after mailing the letter; but it never occurred to me that it could have been delayed so long on its mission: hence you must forgive me, Alice, if I doubted."

"So long in the darkness of unbelief! Well, poor, blind mortal, the offense has probably borne its own punishment; so of our grace we remit all further pains and penalties."

"The pardon is most gratefully received, and the kindly interposition of fate thankfully acknowledged. Does it not strike you as providential, Alice," continued Gerald, in a more serious tone, "that we should thus meet again in Philadelphia? Why did Mr. Seaford leave Boston? Is Frank Rood there still?"

"No; he and Laura removed to San Francisco, where my cousin assures me Frank is rapidly acquiring wealth and distinction in his profession. On learning Mark Warren's deception, Uncle John relented in some degree towards Laura; but her mar-

riage is still a delicate subject, and after that event he seemed to find the old home in Boston irksome. It was this, I think, that induced him to remove to Philadelphia."

So thought Alice, entirely unconscious that John Seaford had another and a very different reason for his change of residence.

"Happy resolve!" remarked Dr. Barry, in a tone of felicitation. "'It might have been' is *not* the saddest phrase in our language, Alice; for instance, it might have been that either one of us would be now in Boston, and fancy how different the present case would then be."

"Sad indeed, but not wholly beyond the physician's art, I hope."

"Is there no artifice lurking in your words?" said Gerald, with a return to the manner of early days. "And, by-the-by," he continued, "what did our ticket win?"

"What ticket? Ah! I remember. I do not know what became of it. Very sorry, I'm sure, as I am certain that it won—a blank," and she smiled, mischievously.

"I can then congratulate myself on my good for-

tune. Do you recollect that in case our ticket proved unsuccessful you were to accept my homage for ever?"

"What a retentive memory you are blessed with! And is liberty so dead within you that you can congratulate yourself on the prospect of continued slavery?"

"Why not, when slavery is happiness?"

"Have you been a good and faithful servant during the past three years?" asked Alice, in a half-playful, half-earnest tone.

"I have never swerved from my allegiance; so——"

"That will do. We must reward the laborer according to his works; so turn over this music, while I play you some of your favorites."

From that day things wore a more cheerful aspect for our hero in all respects. Mr. Seaford made him his family physician, extended him a general invitation to his house, and took every opportunity of introducing the young physician to the notice of friends and acquaintances. Of course, Gerald was delighted with this turn of fortune's wheel; but while profiting by the goods the gods provided, he often found himself puzzling over the motives of

Mr. Seaford's conduct. The merchant had given him the first push in his profession, had invited him to his home, behaved as cordially as a naturally reserved manner would allow, interposed no obstacle to intimacy with his niece; and why? Could a mere whim induce him to patronize a poor doctor whom he found struggling with poverty, and could the permitted intimacy with Alice be owing to the same caprice, or to pure indifference? Or could Gerald's innocent participation in the elopement prompt John Seaford to help him up the ladder of life, to withdraw all social barriers to his claiming Alice's hand, and *then* wreak his vengeance by a bitter refusal?

"No! no!" thought Gerald. "His nature could not surely be so inhuman and revengeful!"

And as Gerald Barry's reasonings resulted in no tangible conclusion, he was forced to leave the unraveling of the plot to the great scene-shifter, Time.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUSION.

Another year has passed by. At its close we find Gerald Barry no longer obliged to make use of ruses in obtaining a practice. He had steadily continued to mount the ladder, and was now recognized as a skillful surgeon and an eminent physician. John Seaford still retains a friendly, almost a cordial manner towards the young doctor whom he found struggling with adversity. But John Seaford is himself much changed. He looks older and more careworn; he has lost all enterest in his erstwhile favorite atheistical and deistical writers; and, somewhat to Gerald's surprise, he now generally leads the conversation to Catholic doctrines, many of which he reasons on more for the sake of argument, as his two listeners often think, than from a want of conviction as to their truth. His manner, too, has undergone a considerable change; his cold stoicism has vanished, and a

nervous excitement, followed by fits of depression, has taken its place. Once, when Gerald had hinted at the advisability of putting himself under medical treatment, he became so irritable that Barry dropped the subject perforce, and never received encouragement enough to renew it.

And Alice? It was one stilly evening in August that Gerald Barry poured forth his tale of love into her ear; and when a soft hand was placed in his, and when her eyes swam with that expression which no suitor has ever yet misunderstood, he gathered her to his breast, and felt that all riches, all other pleasures, fame itself, would be utterly valueless without his darling. With what delight did he hear Alice acknowledge that the "I cannot" of former days did not imply indifference to his suit. Much as they had been thrown together during the past year, there had been an avoidance on both sides of the topic which was of most absorbing interest. Everything else had been freely discussed in mood varying from grave to gay, as memory reverted to the silent past, or evoked some bright vision on which youthful fancy loves to linger. Not unfrequently, too, would Gerald's old habit of disputation lead to arguments in

which there was many a covert allusion intended to have a special significance, but not till this evening, when devotion and fidelity were crowned with a happiness beyond expression, was the memorable conversation in Avonmore referred to ; and as Dr. Barry heard Alice Desmond's low reply to his passionate words of love, he strongly inclined to the belief that the music of the spheres was no imaginary idea, but a veritable fact which he was then and there prepared to vouch for. Some subtile influence must surely have surrounded them ; for, though time registered that evening's interview by hours, Alice and Gerald noted it only by moments, winged moments.

With a throbbing heart did Gerald enter Mr. Seaford's library, next day, to ask his consent to their union. He found the merchant with his head leaning forward on the table, and supported by one hand ; in the other he held a letter, which, when he glanced upwards and saw the visitor, was thrust hurriedly into the escritoire before him.

"I hope you are not unwell, sir," said Barry, reverting in his embarrassment to a topic which he immediately recollected was aught but agreeable.

Preserving total silence, Mr. Seaford stood up and

gazed steadily at him with features unusually flushed. Gerald's heart sank at this reception; but, resolved to know the worst, he made a desperate effort, and proceeded to speak in a voice which emotion and anxiety rendered somewhat husky and stammering.

"I trust you will pardon me, Mr. Seaford, for encroaching on your hours of business; but feelings of honor and duty impel me to immediately lay before you a matter of vital interest to me. When first I met your niece, some four years ago, I——"

Mr. Seaford's face exhibited traces of great mental agitation during this speech, and before any further remark could be uttered, he raised his hand slowly, as if to look at it, reeled, and fell heavily on the floor.

Barry rushed forward and attempted to raise him, but the slow, yet powerful pulse, immovable pupils, violent throbbing of the carotids, and stertorous breathing warned him that no time was to be lost. Ringing for assistance, he threw open the windows, and, having placed the merchant on the sofa, proceeded to bleed him. With little success, however, for he remained in a profound apoplectic stupor. Dispatching a servant for further medical assistance,

Gerald hastened to see Alice. Disclosing her uncle's illness as gently as he could, and calming her somewhat by the assurance of there being no immediate danger, he requested her to enjoin perfect quietness in the house, and returned to his patient. After about six hours John Seaford recovered from his comatose condition, and a feeble intelligence gleamed in the eyes which slowly wandered round the chamber. Gerald joyfully announced the result to Alice, and leaving some directions to guide her, returned to his office.

His visit next morning was a hurried one, but it sufficed to convince him of Mr. Seaford's recovery. To the query, "I hope you feel better this morning, sir?" he mechanically responded, "Yes," and looked at the physician half-inquiringly, half-appealingly. With the same expression did his gaze follow him throughout his inspection; but not caring to encourage conversation in his enfeebled state, Barry uttered some cheering remark and left.

When he returned that evening, Alice met him in the hall.

"How is your patient?" asked he.

"I feel certain that he is getting stronger every

hour. But, Gerald, is it not strange that to all my questions and remarks, he says nothing but 'Yes'?"

A terrible suspicion flashed through Gerald's brain. Giving Alice something or other to do which would occupy her for a few minutes, he hurried into the sick-room. Yes, the patient was rapidly regaining strength, and greeted him with a pleasant smile.

"Ah! you are becoming yourself again, sir. If you continue progressing so steadily, I can allow you to sit up for a while to-morrow. Would you not like that?"

"Yes."

The same old inquiring, appealing glance met him, and the lips continued to twitch after the monosyllabic reply.

"Is there anything you wish for?"

A look of transient intelligence beamed in the merchant's eyes; then that same expression which the physician now partly comprehended. Still, no reply save "Yes."

Gerald's suspicion was correct, and succeeding days served but to prove its truth. John Seaford was afflicted with that rare disease, aphasia, sometimes consequent on apoplectic attacks. A complete

subversion of the faculty of speech! Articulation, indeed, remained; but memory, as expressed by words, had been lost to him. No outlet for the busy thoughts that chased each other, mayhap, in his brain! Unwilling prisoners in their cave, they glided, and flitted, and looked mournfully from its narrow windows; and, ever and anon, did they beat their wings against the walls, though naught save "Yes" rewarded the efforts!

* * * * *

Months elapsed before any change for the better in the disarrangement of the old man's organic functions became visible—months during which all the remedies and stratagems that medicine or other aid suggested as likely to prove beneficial, had been exhausted. A more experienced physician than Barry was at work, however, and Nature, laboring silently, slowly, yet surely, accomplished in time what medicine had failed to effect. It was Christmas eve—the third day subsequent to the joyous event—when Gerald entered his patient's room in obedience to a special summons. Motioning him to a seat, the mer-

chant asked, "To what do you attribute my late attack of apoplexy, Doctor Barry?"

Gerald proceeded to explain the cause of the disease, and to point out its future mode of prevention. Having heard him to the end, John Seaford said :

"You are right in tracing it to depression of spirits; and now as to the reason——"

There was a pause. Conscience and pride had waged a deadly conflict in the merchant's mind, and some traces of the struggle were still apparent. Such symptoms could not escape the physician's eye, and Gerald commenced a protest against any effort tending to excitement, but the objection was unheeded, for John Seaford had said within himself, "The galling chain that bound me to fear and remorse must be broken ere the midnight chimes proclaim 'Peace on earth';" and as the last beams of the December sun sent their faint reflection into the chamber, he made a full confession of the injustice he had done. The whole story was told—his financial embarrassment—the pressure exerted by Warren—the temptation to dishonesty when the lottery ticket proved to be a prize—the certainty that the fraud would never be brought to light—and the specious pleas by which he

had tried to clothe the naked facts with a garb pleasing to his fancy. Yet in the plenitude of success he had realized how hard is the way of the transgressor. The consciousness of guilt and the fear of detection were spectres ever present to his mind, and on his accidental meeting with Gerald Barry in Philadelphia, his better nature prompted him to do justice. But cowardice, which follows the trail of evil with the keenness of a sleuth-hound, resisted weak human purpose, suggesting that atonement could be made without stepping down from the pedestal on which the idol Self was enthroned. Hence the kindly offices and the friendly demeanor which Gerald was at times puzzled to account for. Yet, despite all the arguments adduced by sophistry, an inward voice cited John Seaford to judgment; and on the memorable morning Gerald entered his library the pent-up feelings of years, coupled with a vague dread that Barry had possibly discovered the secret he so jealously guarded, brought on the apoplectic fit, which happily resulted in his shaking off the incubus that weighed so long and so heavily upon him.

“And now, Dr. Barry,” he concluded, as he handed a document to Gerald, “in tendering this deed, which

gives you a legal claim to money that is rightfully yours, I must crave forgiveness for the wrong I committed. The reparation has been tardy, and I can only hope that the happiness I may have debarred you from will be amply compensated for in future years."

Gerald started from his chair, took the deed, and throwing it into the fire, exclaimed :

"Dear Mr. Seaford, let by-gones be by-gones. I have much to thank you for, and it is unnecessary to say that forgiveness on my part is fully accorded. I can never forget that to you is due the position of independence which I have at present, and the status in medicine which I enjoy. You found me a poor devil, obliged to have recourse to miserable trickeries for the scantiest of subsistences, and beginning to hate a profession in which I now delight. To-day I am happy in the possession of a good practice, and to your kindness I owe it all. I beg of you to believe, sir, that I do not yet consider my debt of gratitude towards you as having been fully paid."

John Seaford turned aside for a moment, then, clasping Gerald's hand warmly, he said, in a faltering voice :

“Gerald, I learned to love you during the long hours you labored so untiringly to restore me to health and speech. But your generosity shall not prevent my making atonement. God bless you, boy, and let the matter rest for the present. There—go talk to Alice, and leave me alone for an hour or two.

Gerald understood the significance of the permission thus accorded, and lost no time in availing himself of it. How satisfactory the interview was may be inferred from the fact that one month from that day a bridal party stood before the altar of the Holy Cross Cathedral, the central figures in the group being Alice Desmond and Gerald Barry.

Our story is ended, but we have a few words to add, regarding after-events.

John Seaford kept his promise. In the long hours of confinement to the sick couch he had had ample time for reflection, and the question would again and again arise: “If once more tempted by sore need, would I have greater courage to resist? Is there no ægis against passion, self-love, and self-interest? Would all fall if tried like me?” A hasty sentence

was pronounced as one after another was called up to judgment. Then memory made a stride back to former years. M'Allister! the earnest searcher after truth when a student, and now the self-denying missionary. No, assuredly *he* would not have weakly yielded. But whence his superiority to himself? In the old college days the honor of the one was as unquestioned as that of the other. What constituted the difference now? Strive against it as he would, the merchant could not shut out the conviction that his classmate's strength lay in an abiding faith, whilst wavering opinion, veering with every impulse of passion, gave himself no fixed standpoint in the hour of trial. Slowly, but surely, the goal was gained; and Father Joseph, in answer to a special summons, found his old school friend prepared to receive instruction in those higher tenets of belief which he had before thought scarcely worth a passing notice. The glorious history of the Church—her miraculous triumphs over false schools of philosophy, sustained by all the force of intellectual pride and worldly influence—title-deeds given by the Saviour of man—a heritage that should last to the end of time—a worship befitting even Divine Majesty—a

doctrine inculcating holiness in its full perfection, never swerving, never paltering with truth to flatter power or subserve interest—all this became an absorbing study to John Seaford. The mists were cleared from his mental view, and he rejoiced that the darkness had been dispelled. His first act after recovery was to make full restitution to Gerald and Alice. A deed was drawn up similar to that which had been destroyed, and this time the merchant would not be gainsaid.

Laura had hastened to Philadelphia when she heard of her father's illness, and the voices of children now resound in John Seaford's house. One dark-eyed little damsel, who calls herself Minnie Rood, is generally allowed to be "grandpa's pet," and maintains her claim to the title against all competitors.

Mark Warren sought consolation for his two-fold disappointment in the affections of a lively widow whose sensibilities would not have sustained a very rude shock had she been fully enlightened as to her husband's first matrimonial venture. This secret, however, he did not think fit to divulge, although his wife has been known to express the most liberal sen-

timents on the question of divorce. This is particularly the case when, after whirling through the mazes of a waltz in the parlor of a fashionable hotel she observes an angry scowl on her husband's brow, accompanied with a muttered threat of settling down on a Southern plantation. Mutual friends smile when this remark is made in their hearing, for Mrs. Warren takes credit for having made "the noblest study of mankind" a specialty; hence every scheme in the matrimonial economy must have her sanction to become law; and as she asserts her resolve not to be buried alive to gratify any man's whim, we fear Mr. Warren will knit his brows and indulge in irreverent expressions some time longer.

And the abandoned wife—the innocent victim of an iniquitous law? After being disowned and spurned by her husband, there was a long interval, during which poor Julie took no note of time; but one day the Little Sisters of the Poor received a new member into their community, and Sister Euphrasie found in religion and deeds of charity a balm for the wrongs and sorrows of Julie Liberte.

Alice speaks frequently of a visit to Avonmore, and once alluded to the possibility of undertaking

the expedition on her own account, whereat the Doctor shook his head, and recalled the sad experience of Alice Desmond and Gerald Barry, when twice parted by adverse fate, as a warning against any separations in the future; then, seeing Alice's blue eyes droop, he promised to embark on another joint venture when a certain desired amount would have been placed to his credit by Messrs. Lawson & Co.

And the proceeds of the lottery ticket?

We will first ask *your* opinion, dear reader, of lotteries, and if it coincides with that which Alice one day expressed to Gerald when he introduced the subject, it may not be matter of surprise if the Sisters in charge of the orphan asylum some time after gratefully acknowledged a munificent donation from an unknown benefactor. Dr. and Mrs. Barry's names also appeared as promoters of various enterprises for the relief of suffering and distress; and one of Alice's cherished projects for the future is the establishment of a literary institution in Avonmore, where the children of Ireland shall learn how their fathers, in days gone by, brought enlightenment to the nations, and transmitted to their descendants that love for truth and justice, that devotion to the altar and

the home, which glowed in the breasts of martyrs and patriots through ages of tyranny, and is still cherished by every true son and daughter of the Catholic isle.

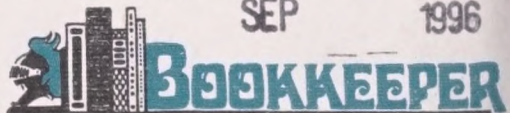
To our hero and heroine we say, Bon voyage, and to you, dear reader, *farewell*.

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